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WAITING FOR THEE.

BY TOM GOULD.

Bright are the stars to-night
Over my head;
Oh, how I love their light,
For thou art dead!
Brighter they seem to glow,
Since thou hast gone:
Is it because I know
Thou must be one?

Sad are these thoughts to me!
Oh, may we never
Find our true hearts to be
Parted forever.

No; there's a whisper, seems
Speaking to me,
Down through the starry beams
"Waiting for thee!"

Down by the little brook,
Where the soft breeze
Sighs through our shady nook,
Under the trees,
Often at eve I've strayed,
Thinking of thee,
And of the plans we made—
Never to be!

Never on earth to be;
Yet there's a light
Shines like a hope to me
Out of the night.
Bright hope, that seems to say—
Speaking to me,
"With us thy love doth stay;
Waiting for thee!"

Adria, the Adopted: OR, The Mystery of Ellesford Grange.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "BRANDED," "SEA HARVEST," "NYMPH'S BRAVERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE shadow of a great crime brooded low over Ellesford Grange. People came and went in little knots, with scared faces and shuddering horror, and talked in awestricken whispers of the terrible deed done in darkness, which had left a shocking spectacle to be revealed by day.

Hugh Ellesford had been found murdered.

There were all the signs of a violent struggle, to give evidence that he had not died tamely. A curtain torn to shreds, furniture overturned—even the carpet ripped from its fastenings in a place or two; pools of blood lying stagnant on the floor, and sanguine marks smearing the wall.

The corpse was terribly mutilated. Bruised from head to foot, clawed and bitten, as if by a wild animal, but with five livid marks upon the throat, made, unmistakably, by human fingers.

A tiny lace handkerchief, crumpled and crushed, with an elaborately embroidered monogram, lay upon a sofa in the room.

A coroner's inquest decided upon the apparent facts. The place was carefully guarded, that no single article might be touched until shrewd detectives were sent for and had arrived. These took minute notes, looked stolid, and said nothing. Only one thing other than the shocking result was made known to the excited populace. The party making the attack must have suffered severely.

The marks upon the walls were of some one groping his way through darkness; dull red stains marked the length of the passage-way, and on the steps the profusion of blood seemed to show that the assassin, probably overcome by faintness, had paused there for a time.

Beyond this, no single trace was visible. The graveled walk, indeed, precluded the possibility of footprints, and for all evidence existing further, the earth might have opened before the portal, inclosing the guilty mortal stepping therefrom.

The housekeeper, sleeping in an adjoining wing, had heard nothing; but this was not remarkable, considering the dead, thick walls which intervened. This woman, the only living soul attached to the place, was of advanced age, and a foreigner.

The tragedy seemed to have benumbed her faculties, but she managed to give a tolerably succinct account of preceding circumstances, which threw no ray of light upon the mystery. Her dazed manner, and the haunting terror that made her start and shiver at the most trivial sound, attracted the observation of a few. There were some insidious whispers tending to inculpate her, but the manifest impossibility of such a fact soon stilled them.

There was a silent ebbing and flowing of the common tide of humanity which could not have crossed the threshold of the Grange at any other time—country people, whose curiosity led them there, while their superstitious imaginations peopled the dark old rooms with ghostly witnesses of that sanguinary scene.

There was the funeral conducted with the gloomy state becoming the position of the murdered man, and the excitement attending the event gradually wore away as time elapsed, and no further facts developed.

Hugh Ellesford had lived a very secluded life. Though not tending toward misanthropy, he had kept himself resolutely from the surrounding world. He had been a rather wild youth, running into numerous excesses, but these received an early check. Rumor said that a fair young girl, to whom he had been betrothed, had jilted him for a staid rival, changing thus the gay lad to a grave disappointed man. As evidence, the gossip pointed to his precipitate departure for distant lands, from whence he returned, after a three years' sojourn, reserved, lonely, and withal somewhat eccentric.



With every nerve steeled to action, the young stranger sprang at the head of the maddened brute, dragging him down with all his weight.

The Grange was a great, gloomy building, ancient in style, with massive granite walls. Its founder was an English gentleman of small title, and estate so incumbered that no single generation could hope to relieve it; he had, therefore, prudently resigned all to his next of kin, and sailed for the New World, there to build up an independent inheritance. But he had brought with him many old English customs and prejudices. In accordance with these, he had bequeathed his entire estate to his eldest son, who, in turn, disposed of it in the same manner, this third heir being the late Hugh Ellesford.

Death had come to him so unexpectedly, and so suddenly, that, had he so desired, he was given no opportunity to signify his disposition of the property. In the absence of a will, it naturally reverted to his only near relative—a younger brother.

This brother, Joseph Ellesford, beginning life with a small annual moiety, had found it necessary to strike for his niche in the world, since Fate, in denying him precedence of birth, had not already carved it for him.

He began at the lower round of the ladder, as junior clerk in a small mercantile establishment, and, though possessing no great taste for the work, devoted himself steadily to it, and rose, at a snail's pace, until he occupied a responsible position among the firm's employees. A lucky accident, which revealed to him a plot between some of the light-fingered gentry to relieve the store of certain valuable goods, and their generous intentions being frustrated by his prompt interference, called forth the gratitude of his employers, and was the means of admitting him on a social footing into their family circles.

By this time he had passed his third decade, and had come to be regarded as an incorrigible bachelor. Now, however, a new epoch opened in his life. Mr. Stratton, the senior partner, had one child, a daughter, who had been for three years a widow. Young and fair, her charms soon found the "open sesame" to Mr. Ellesford's heart. Her little girl, then five years of age, shared his affections equally with the mother; and a few months more saw him fairly enlisted in the great army of Benedicts. He passed a few years of happy married life, and then his wife's decease left him to center all the love of his heart upon the little Adria.

With his marriage, he was received into the firm of Stratton & Co., himself, with two small capitalists, constituting the Co. Where so many shared the profits of a limited business, it is not to be supposed that Joseph Ellesford made very rapid strides to wealth. Still, the establishment prospered, and, ten years later, being the time this story opens, he enjoyed a comfortable income.

Possessing none of his ancestors' prejudices, he always had felt the will which

richly endowed the elder son and left himself comparatively destitute, to have been unjust. The result was a slight coolness between the two brothers, and, during the twenty years of their separated life, only a nominal intercourse had been sustained. Now, that the estate had unexpectedly reverted to him, Joseph Ellesford was inclined to regard the circumstance as a Providential dispensation, thus recompensing him for the forced loss of a natural right.

After an interval, during which time the excitement incident to the murder had in some wise subsided, he removed to Ellesford Grange. One of the new possessor's whims was to personally direct some alterations he wished made upon the mansion. To this end, as soon as he was actually settled, he procured workmen, and rapidly prosecuted the task of modernizing the building.

This had been expected of him by the country people. The Grange had been a gloomy place at best, and after the horrible tragedy enacted there, the dark rooms must have presented a trebly uninviting aspect. But the work brought to light a fact rendering the preceding mystery even more inexplicable.

A wide, pleasant room, artfully contrived in an angle connecting the main building with one wing, and not noticeable to merely superficial inspection, was thus discovered.

It was lighted only by a sky-light set in the arched ceiling. The walls were hung with heavy embossed paper, the floor covered with rich Turkey carpet. The apartment, evidently, was furnished with reference to an Oriental taste, and the gorgeous hues embraced in its appointments were blended in perfect harmony. A luxurious divan and ottomans of velvet supplied the want of chairs; a few hanging shelves contained a small but choice library. A dainty bul-bul stand upheld a complete array of toilet accessories. A guitar, handsomely finished, rested uncased in a corner. A side-table of stained solid wood, with pendent sides, carved in a variety of grotesque figures, was littered with the contents of a lady's work-box. An embrasure, separated from the room by silken curtains, contained a couch and a cedar wardrobe, the partially unclosed doors of the latter disclosing a few rich, bright robes. Every minute detail displayed the trace of a female occupant.

The detectives previously employed were recalled, and put in possession of this discovery. An additional sum was named with the already large reward for the apprehension of the unknown assassin, and the machinery of the secret force revolved with accelerated motion beneath the new impetus.

The old housekeeper, who had removed to a hut in the vicinity, was subjected to another minute examination, but the bewilderment she had displayed in the first in-

stance seemed to have resulted in simple idiocy. Bribes, persuasions and threats failed to elicit information from her, and at last her questioners were satisfied that she either could not or would not give any clue to the mystery.

"You see—she is hopelessly foolish," said Mr. Ellesford, at the conclusion of one of these fruitless visits to her cabin.

The officer accompanying him thought he detected the momentary gleam of cunning intelligence in the old woman's eyes, but subsequent tests failed to elucidate anything further, if, indeed, even so much was not a delusion.

By and by, the search lost interest, but was still prosecuted in a desultory sort of way. And so five years wore away, without more noticeable incident than the endless variety of current events to mark the passing time.

CHAPTER II.

ADRIA ELLESFORD (her father's name had been Westland but she was known now only by her step-father's name), was rapidly nearing her twentieth year. Life seemed very pleasant to her, for as yet she knew nothing of the vicissitudes of fortune which make strong men quail, and weaker women fade and droop before them.

Joseph Ellesford's union had been blessed with no issue, and from the first Adria was dear to him as though truly his own child. Indulged, but not spoiled, naturally imperious, though thoughtful of the welfare of others, she was accustomed to having her wishes consulted in matters both of trivial import and greater consideration.

The bright morning of a long summer day tempted her out early. The Ellesford grounds lay on a gentle slope, and the Grange was hemmed in by clumps of dark old trees, the remains of the forest occupying the domain when the founder of the house pitched upon this as his abiding place.

It was a beautiful stretch of country in sunny Maryland, and far away the blue Chesapeake glittered, as the breeze ruffling the waves broke the reflected sun-rays into atoms of sparkling light.

Adria had been cradled beyond the limit she usually prescribed for her walks, but turned at last homeward again. Her eyes were beaming and cheeks flushed with the exercise. She was singing softly to herself, and thinking, as young ladies are apt to do, of nothing. Her scarf, a filmy white thing, was draped loosely about her shoulders, and a puff of air snatching it unexpectedly carried it high above her reach, where its fringed ends caught in the branches of a tree by the roadside.

It was an inauspicious moment for Æolus to consummate this playful act.

A horseman galloped at a furious pace up the sandy road. The great black steed reared and plunged wildly as the snowy fa-

bric fluttered on the breeze before him. Of course Adria screamed. It is not in woman's nature to be calm in the face of sudden danger.

A firm hand held the rein, and the heavily-loaded, silver-mounted whip cut relentlessly upon the animal's flank. Twice the rider forced his horse toward the object of his fright unsuccessfully, but the third time the stinging lash and spurs driven cruelly in his flesh brought him trembling beneath the tree.

The gentleman coolly disentangled the scarf from the branches, and dismounting returned it with courteous address. The conflict between man and beast recalled Adria's nerve. Her emotions were divided between admiration for the indomitable will which had conquered, and sympathy for the intelligent brute cowed into perfect submission.

"Poor fellow! I am sorry that I should have indirectly caused his fright, and brought upon him such a chastisement," she said.

"The Sultan will like me all the better for it," his master replied, patting him. "He is a little inclined to be vicious sometimes and needs discipline. For my part I can regret no circumstance brought about through the medium of such a charming cause," he added, gallantly.

Adria did not quite like the neatly-turned compliment.

"Colonel Templeton is pleased to rank flattery among his accomplishments," she said.

He looked slightly surprised.

"You know me, then. May I inquire—"

"I am Miss Ellesford," Adria hastened to explain, fearing the repetition of an eulogistic speech.

"Then we are quite near neighbors. I have taken re-possession of The Firs, as you may know."

Adria knew, and said something appropriate. Colonel Templeton, throwing the rein over his arm, proceeded to walk by her side. He was a skillful conversationalist and just now anxious to please. He seldom failed in accomplishing any object, and Adria was not long in recognizing and appreciating his ability.

He was a spare, tall man, with features that in repose were as immovable as though cast in a mold of steel, but, played upon by varying expressions as he talked, became pleasing, even winning. His lips were thin, eyes cold gray, over-arched by accurately pencilled brows, and dark hair cut close, just touched by silver sparkles. Forty, he must be, Adria thought, after carefully studying his appearance. In reality he was past fifty, but the iron will which had made him old at twenty successfully resisted the encroachments of Time at a half-century.

When they reached the gate leading into the Ellesford grounds, a friendly footing was established between them.

"I would ask you in to luncheon," she

said, laughingly, as she paused an instant, "but perhaps you do not emulate the regular hours we keep at the Grange."

"Half-past eleven," he commented, consulting his watch, "and I have not yet breakfasted. Mrs. Templeton will be waiting. You must call upon my wife, Miss Ellesford."

"I shall be most pleased," Adria answered.

Colonel Templeton mounting rode slowly up the yellow way, with brows bent meditatively and vision which might have been sightless as the stone eye-balls of Destiny, for all he absorbed of surrounding objects.

"By Jove, sir! you are over-choicer of your footing I think!" a familiar voice broke his reverie.

The Sultan, left to himself, had quit the high road and was stopping daintily over the gravelled footpath. The colonel wheeled him into the thoroughfare again, and turned his face toward the speaker. A young man whose easy manner tainted almost of insolence, and dressed in the light of the prevailing style. The strong resemblance existing bespoke their relative position as father and son.

"Where are you going, Reginald?"

"Where, indeed, but to the races."

"Very well! Don't bet too heavily."

"Trust me for that, sir!"

They parted, pursuing opposite directions.

Colonel Templeton left his horse at the stables, and went into the breakfast-room where his wife awaited him.

A small, slight woman with pale hair, and a face from which some horror seemed to have blanched every vestige of color, leaving instead a haunting shade that sought in vain a hiding-place, but trembled always in her eyes and betrayed itself in a painfully-nervous manner.

She greeted her husband with a pitiful attempt at a smile, and shuddered slightly as he just touched her forehead with his lips.

He observed the involuntary action, and his mouth settled stern and hard, but he controlled his voice to cool courtesy.

"Have you breakfasted yet, Irene?"

"Yes, with Reginald. I was not assured you would come."

"Ah, well, it is of no consequence. Pray remain. I wish to consult with you on a matter of importance." The last spoken sneeringly, but Mrs. Templeton was accustomed to her husband's depreciation of woman's abilities and passed it silently.

She rung for the service, and while her husband discussed his meal in moody silence, leaned back in her chair listlessly awaiting his pleasure.

"I have seen Ellesford's daughter," he said, abruptly, putting down his cup.

His wife started perceptibly.

"She will call upon you in a day or two, and I desire that you cultivate an intimacy with the family."

"With the Ellesfords?" she said, huskily.

"With the Ellesfords! More than that, I wish you to manage that Reginald shall meet the young lady. The disheveled young dog would avoid such encounter if he imagined it was desired of him. Let him see the girl once, and he will be ready enough to seek her afterward."

Mrs. Templeton gazed at her husband imploringly. She knew him too well to attempt to hasten his disclosure, but this morning he was graciously communicative.

Perhaps he knew that his words were inflicting heart-stabs.

"I will be candid with you, I am anxious that Reginald shall settle his life. He is a little wild, and nothing will settle him so soon as taking a wife. Miss Ellesford will please me well as my daughter-in-law."

Mrs. Templeton uttered a stifled groan, and all the latent horror leaped intensified into her eyes. She crossed the room with uneven steps and laid her trembling hand on her husband's shoulder.

"For Heaven's sake, Alan, tell me that you do not mean it. You can not contemplate such a sin—you will never permit our boy to marry an Ellesford!"

"Why not?" he asked coldly. "Ellesford Grange is a desirable property!"

His wife sunk into a chair, clasping her hands in bitter, hopeless agony. Her silent pain touched him, and he added more kindly:

"After all the girl is not really an Ellesford—no drop of the blood in her veins. Only a step-daughter, I have heard, but she will inherit the property. Remember, I shall expect your co-operation."

He turned away dismissing the subject. Mrs. Templeton, with her white face almost ghastly, put out her hands in the manner of a blind person, groping her way silently from the room.

Later in the day her French maid announced that madame was suffering from a nervous relapse, and had not monsieur better procure a physician?

Monsieur thought it unnecessary, but with his own hands mixed a composing draught with the soothing qualities of which he was well acquainted.

CHAPTER III.

The sun rode proudly over the hills, closing in one of the many manufacturing towns situated in an Eastern State. The houses were ranged in methodical rows, displaying the systematic and uncompromising sort of order indulged in by our New England fathers.

A town where the wooden streets formed no angles but right angles, where the buildings conveyed an endless repetition of white framework and green blinds, with here and there a huge gray factory rising two stories above the common dwellings.

The very river running its course on the east side of the place detracted nothing from its regularity, and droned its murmur in an unvarying monotone as it rolled placidly within its narrow banks. In a place or two some enterprising spirits had endeavored to mitigate the too great conformity by dropping a neutral-tinted cottage in a nook of its own apart from the regular street, but these were so stared at by the glaring white and green of the surrounding walls that they quite lost countenance beneath the general disapprobation.

And this was Crofton.

In the center of the town, rearing itself yet a story higher than any of its compeers and employing a full score more of workers, stood the factory of the Russell Brothers.

The long, narrow windows were let down from the top, and the half-screens adjusted to prevent careless eyes wandering from the duty before them. From top to bottom the whirr, and buzz, and steady clank of machinery announced that every worker was in place, and every joint of the mechanical anatomy performing its office.

A slight bustle at the entrance way which would not have been heard by unpracticed ears, and word was passed from mouth to mouth that the proprietors were coming to inspect the works.

Two elderly men, very far-sighted of each other from their hawk-bodies and straggling limbs, to their long, sharp features, and twinkling, deep-set eyes drawn down at the corners with the expression accepted as denoting genuine Yankee humor, but with them settled irretrievably into the accompanying attribute, shrewdness. Down the long room where rows of women swiftly and steadily plied at the looms, taking in every detail, and listening silently to the remarks of the foreman as he noted different points in passing.

A middle-aged, respectable-looking woman, leaving her position by a distant window, crossed the room on some temporary mission, and was returning when she met face to face with the party. She stepped aside silently waiting for them to pass.

A great wheel revolved close by, but she was not heeding. Her eyes were fixed with startled, intent scrutiny on the face of the young foreman. A second more, her dress had caught within the band and she was whirled aloft giving utterance to a single agonized shriek, which was echoed by every woman there.

An instant, which seemed an eternity, a wild confusion with people rushing hither and thither, crying for help, themselves incapable of action, and then the works stood still. The unfortunate woman was upheld in kindly arms, and pitying, horror-struck faces crowded around. These were imperatively ordered back and a messenger dispatched for the nearest physician.

The woman was severely injured and the workers said among themselves that it was only short of a miracle she had escaped with her life. It proved that her left arm was utterly crushed; there were bruises too upon her body, but these were not serious.

"Who is she?" one of the proprietors asked.

"A tidy, comely-looking girl stepped forward."

"If you please, she's a new hand and comes from the Brankley mills. They say she's a little touched here," indicating her forehead, "but a quiet sort of body and steady. She has a room in Hay's house."

Orders were given for her removal thither, and twenty minutes later the machinery was again in motion and business proceeding quietly as though no accident had ever invaded the place.

But one person had been deeply affected by the occurrence. The young foreman had caught the woman's strange gaze fixed upon him in the same moment she was whirled upward by the wheel, and it was his prompt action that had delivered her alive. Her ghastly face as he saw it for an instant was imprinted on his memory, and haunted him throughout that day. When the factory closed for the night he went directly to Hay's house to inquire more minutely into the state of the girl.

Hay's wife, a good intentioned person, but scarcely calculated for a skillful nurse, conducted him to the patient's room.

She was suffering acute pain and was slightly delirious. Looking upon her, he observed that her features, though flushed and distorted, were delicate, and the uninjured hand lying upon the counterpane was slender and well-shaped though rough with common toil. Evidently her sphere had sometime been high above the life of drudgery she had so lately led. But she could never do so again. The doctor had announced that could she escape the amputation of the wounded member it would probably remain paralyzed. He sighed as he turned away, thinking that death might have been the preferable alternative.

He gave a coin of some value to the woman attending her and enjoined utmost care in her treatment. After this he visited her daily, seeing that she wanted for nothing. It was weeks before she was thoroughly convalescent, and meantime events were transpiring which threatened to remove her only friend and benefactor.

The Russell Brothers found themselves in urgent need of a trustworthy agent to communicate directly with firms throughout the country to whom they furnished goods. Their distant interests were failing for want of personal attendance, and some tedious accounts required an energetic person to push for final settlement. Casting about they settled upon Kenneth Hastings, their foreman.

His place could be readily supplied from experienced men in their employ. The proposition was made and a liberal commission assigned him should he accept it. He embraced the offer gladly. The position he occupied was not one he would have voluntarily sought; but from boyhood he had found employment in the factory, and had gradually risen to the highest post. This pretext would afford him relaxation and an opportunity he had never yet possessed of seeing the world. Utterly alone he had no tie that could bind him to Crofton.

He had but a single regret. The invalid with the Hay people had grown to watch for his coming and took a degree of comfort in his simple presence which nothing else afforded. She was called Nelly Kent, and the townspeople considered her crazed though harmless; but there were times when Hastings considered this a harmless imposition practiced to secure her from the coarse curiosity of those about her. He had found her intelligent and refined, and a warm sympathy for her lonely condition directed his friendship toward her. She possessed a small amount of money, enough to secure her from present want, but he knew his departure would leave a void in her daily life.

His preparations were necessarily hurried, and he did not find time to visit her until the evening previous to his departure.

She was sitting by the open window with the far-off look in her eyes which was commonly regarded as the vacant look of insanity. She welcomed him quietly, and he attempted to find some indirect means of imparting his news, but she anticipated him.

"You are going to leave Crofton, they say."

He assented, adding, "The pleasantest remembrance I shall carry with me will be the moments passed here. You have taught me how I might have felt toward my mother whom I never knew."

Her eyes for a moment held the startled look they had held in his remembrance once before. She spoke presently.

"I too, am going away from Crofton. I have at least one faithful friend in this wide world, and I shall go to her."

She held toward him a letter, soiled and

blurred, written in a straggling hand and interspersed with foreign phrases, the meaning of which he could not gather. It seemed to him to be the entreaty of an interior for the pleasure of devoting her service to a much loved mistress. But one line he comprehended clearly. It was dated Calvert county, Maryland.

"It is but little out of my direct route," he exclaimed in surprise.

She had not known this, but a comparison of notes satisfied her. This discovery produced a change in his plans. He deferred his journey for a day, and when he went Nelly Kent traveled under his protection.

When arrived at the point where their routes separated, she insisted upon completing the distance alone. So they parted with mutual regret—the reputedly crazed, partially helpless woman, and the young, hopeful man. Parted, thinking that they would probably never meet again.

Old Juana, housekeeper to the late Hugh Ellesford, sat alone in her humble cabin. It was gathering twilight without, and a handful of sticks on the hearth sending forth a flickering blaze and an uncertain light within.

The old woman was rocking herself to and fro, and chanting a monotonous plaint in a foreign tongue.

There was a step on the walk without; a figure appeared in the open doorway, but she heeded it not.

"Juana!"

The old woman started up and with a joyful cry welcomed the comer. Sinking at her feet she sobbed forth a prayer of thanksgiving.

"My poor, faithful Juana! Your heart has never failed me."

CHAPTER IV.

AUTUMN had come and was using his magic wand to glorify the landscape. The dusty green, surviving August's fervid heat, was merging into the prismatic tints of red and orange, with endless variety of intermediate shades.

They were breakfasting at the Grange when the postman delivered his daily budget. Adria dealt out the letters as was her custom. Two yellow business-looking envelopes, and another which she scanned curiously. A square, creamy wrapping initialed V. W., and superscribed in a sloping feminine hand:

"Who can this be from, papa? What lady correspondent dare you have, I should like to know?"

Mr. Ellesford, already absorbed in a page of commercial note, glanced indifferently at the dainty missive and put it aside until his other communications were examined. One of these gave him apparent annoyance.

"Banks says things are not going smoothly as they should," he observed. "The man has let his head take leave of him. I should think, he seems to have no definite idea of what the fault lies, and supposes it will turn out all right, but thinks it will be well for me to personally look into the matter. I may be obliged to go to the city for a day or two. Confound the business! there's enough of them to attend to it, I should think."

Mr. Ellesford was a man loving his own ease, and long absence from the details of trade, had rendered him disinclined to cope with its fluctuations ever so briefly.

Adria sympathized with her father's annoyance, but hesitated to recall his attention to the object occupying her thoughts.

"I'm all curiosity, papa. Do open your other letter."

"Woman's ruling weakness which needs constant repressing. To give you a course of discipline, I'll not touch it."

"Now, papa! You are cruel!"

"But you shall read it to me," he concluded.

"Cruelly teasing," added Adria, with a laugh, as her deft fingers stripped the envelope. "Womanlike she first read the signature—Valeria Walton! Who is she?"

"Never heard of her," he declared. "Perhaps the letter may explain." And thus incited Adria read:

"To Joseph Ellesford, of Ellesford Grange:

"DEAR SIR: I present to you a few plain facts, and claim at your hands the bounty which I consider due."

"I am a lineal descendant of the Ellesfords, my mother being the only child of Godfrey, who had the misfortune to be born third son of Hubert Ellesford, founder of the Grange. From this you will perceive what Fate awarded to that branch of the family forfeiting possession of the patriarchal estates; an unwise allotment if we were predestined to submit always tamely to an imported and unreasonable whim."

Two years ago I was thrown wholly upon my own resources. Since then I have tried a variety of genteel employments, and am thoroughly disgusted with the idea of earning my own subsistence. An unoccupied existence, with plenty of luxuries at command, is much more in unison with my tastes."

"What I desire is a home in your house, and a small share of the emoluments our mutual ancestor left behind him. If you fear my Ellesford pride may suffer by receiving these in a form which the world might consider charity, you can designate to me some nominal position in your household, providing it embraces no arduous duties and a liberal salary."

"Your reply shall determine in what degree I am yours truly, VALERIA WALTON."

The address was added in a post-scriptum, together with a request for an immediate reply.

At the conclusion of this decidedly original missive Adria awaited her father's comments.

"Truly, a self-possessed and complacent young lady," he declared. "I wonder if she would not like the deeds of the Ellesford homestead delivered into her hands?"

"Papa," said Adria, "I think she is right. You have no greater moral claim to the estate than she possesses."

"What would you have me do?" he asked, a little testily. "Carve the property into sections, and give a part to every vagabond who sets up claim to be a descendant of Hubert Ellesford?"

"At least extend to Miss Walton the privilege she asks—give her a home."

"But, my daughter, consider. She may be disagreeable or unfitted for your daily associate."

"Then invite her here for a given time when you may decide of her capacity, temper and character."

After some discussion Mr. Ellesford agreed to this course. Adria herself wrote a cordial invitation and dispatched it in the same day's mail.

Toward sunset she strolled out in the direction of the bay, and during her walk encountered Reginald Templeton. A neighborly sociability now existed between the two families. Adria had embraced an early

opportunity to redeem her promise to Colonel Templeton, and from the first had entertained a strong liking for the pale, emaciated woman who received her as mistress at the Grange.

The liking was mutual, and the young girl would have gone oftener with her bright face and cheery manner, had not some subtle instinct withheld her from the place. The elder lady's ill-health was a sufficient pretext to excuse the formal return of Miss Ellesford's friendly calls.

Colonel Templeton had not spoken unduly when he calculated the influence Adria would exert over his son. With the impulsiveness which formed one of the young man's principal characteristics, and which actuated him alike for good or ill, as temporary circumstances inclined, he had speedily yielded up to her the dominion of his affections.

Joining her, as has been said, he timed his pace to suit her steps, and engaged in a desultory conversation. He prosecuted his wooing as he did any enterprise to which he put his hand, with a persistent energy which seldom failed to accomplish its object. He studied his resources as a careful General would plan for a siege, and this very encounter was the result of mature deliberation.

Adria taking in his physique as defined in the rosy light streaming in from the bay, acknowledged the attractiveness of his manly perfection. Truly, Reginald Templeton had no cause to complain of the gifts Nature had lavished upon him.

In figure, stalwart and tall, with features symmetrical, but removed from all charge of effeminacy. Eyes, clear gray, which could grow dark and luminous with tender expression, and lips firmly chiseled, but with a slightly sensuous curve. His hair, waved and leonine, fell quite to his neck. Altogether he was of that type of manhood which few women can withstand, and no one was better aware of his personal endowments than Reginald Templeton himself.

With unlimited confidence in his own powers, he had not once doubted the termination of his wooing, and planned this meeting for the sole purpose of declaring his passion.

Skillfully directing the conversation, he took advantage of an opportunity it presented, and, ere Adria had suspected his drift, told her in a few forcible words of his love, and pleaded for some token of reciprocating favor.

She was surprised and grieved. She had thought of him only as a friend, one growing near to her through common chords of sympathy. Too precipitate action will sometimes mar the completion of a plot, and in the same manner this unexpected confession broke upon her ere any glamour of love had sufficed to blind the eyes of her judgment.

No true woman can listen without pain to an avowal of affection from a man whom she is not prepared to regard with returning favor, and so Adria shrunk before his words as though every one contained a hidden blow.

"Adria, my love! will you not answer me?"

She turned her face to him imploringly, speaking in rapid tones:

"Mr. Templeton, oh, please do not urge me! I esteem you—regard you as a valued friend, but I have been totally unprepared for this. Believe me, I would have spared you this pain had it been within my power."

"Adria, give me but one word of assurance that my love is not hopeless, and I will be content. I do not ask a decision now, no promise or bond; only tell me that no other man claims precedence in your heart."

"Of that I can give you full assurance. No man exacts from me a higher heed than I hold in my friendship for you."

"Then I shall win you yet, my peerless Adria!"

With his dark eyes glowing full upon her, and his face illumined with passionate tenderness, she felt the force of his words, and was thrilled by them. Handsome and manly, why should he not prove himself the embodiment of her maiden ideal? The prospect was not displeasing.

But she knew only the better part of his nature. Could she have seen beneath that comely exterior to the deficiencies of moral principles it inclosed; or had she suspected the reckless excesses in which he had buried his soul's purity, she would have shrunk from him as from deadly venom.

She could not see and she did not know. Therefore, she did not grieve the words which his exultant tones seemed to transform into a prediction.

Twilight was gathering as they retraced their path. A young man habited in a simple dark suit, which might have been worn by a person of almost any degree, was standing irresolute by the roadway. He stepped forward and courteously accosted them.

Before he had time to make known his wishes, there came a clatter of hoofs along the turnpike. A huge black horse, saddled but riderless, with eyeballs flaming and white froth flecking from his mouth, rose through the gathering gloom, plunging and striking viciously at objects as he passed.

Adria shrieked wildly, and young Templeton threw his arm about her with a vague impulse of protection. The animal was bearing full upon them; another instant and his pitiless hoofs would crush them to the earth. Involuntarily they bowed their heads to the coming blow.

The young stranger saw their imminent peril. Scarcely a second could elapse from the knowledge of their danger until it should reach them, but that brief space was sufficient. With every nerve steered to action, he sprang at the head of the maddened brute, dragging him down with all his might.

Recalled to his senses by the interposition, Reginald hastily drew Adria beyond reach of danger, and went to the assistance of their deliverer. The horse checked in his headlong career was soon thoroughly subdued. Reginald and Adria both recognized in him the Sultan.

The young man who had rendered them such providential aid endeavored to evade their expressions of gratitude.

"I am seeking a place called Ellesford Grange," he said, and they noticed that his voice came gaspingly. "Can you direct me thither?"

Almost while he was speaking he turned white to the lips, and sunk fainting upon the ground.

(To be continued.)

Is learning a new thing there should be as little as possible proposed to the mind at once, and that being understood and fully mastered, proceed then to the next adjoining part, yet unknown.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD TIME.

SONG—BY JOS. F. MORAN.

I'm thinking of the old time with feelings of regret—For memories of old time do dwell in my heart yet. And bygone scenes do still retain a place within my heart.

For memories of old time from me can ne'er depart: They're playing o'er my heart-strings a melodious choir tune—A melody of old time when life was in its bloom.

The thinking of the old time—sweet hours of love and bliss—When sparkling on a mother's knee and claimed her tender kiss—A loving father's warm embrace I always shared.

Those memories of old time are always dear to me. And ever o'er my heart-strings they play a mournful tune—A melody of old time when life was in its bloom.

I'm thinking of the old time, of those bright days gone by. When my young heart went forth in love and knew of night but joy: They're playing o'er my heart-strings they play a loving tune—

Such memories of old time tell me of happier days: And sadly o'er my heart-strings they play a loving tune—A melody of old time when life was in its bloom.

But death has taken them from me—those friends I loved so dear. And sorrow fills the bosom now where joy's light burned so clear: Yet those sweet thoughts of old time I cherish in my heart.

For memories of old time from me can ne'er depart: And always o'er my heart-strings they'll play that mournful tune—That melody of old time when life was in its bloom.

OLD GRIZZLY,

The Bear-Tamer:

OR, THE

WILD HUNTRESS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, RED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER," "THE BLACKFOOT QUEEN; OR, OLD NICK WHIFFLES IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WILD HUNTRESS OF THE HILLS.

LEAVING the bear-tamer and his companion carefully threading their way back to the covert in the hills, after the departure of Leaping Elk, we must return to the spot upon the mountain where the combat with the panther had taken place.

It will be remembered that the mysterious woman, the Wild Huntress, as she was called, had disappeared somewhere within the rocks, having gone in search of a stimulant for the wounded man, and that, while absent, the patient had recovered, and left the place by means of the trail that led down the mountain's side.

It was perhaps ten minutes after her disappearance before the woman reappeared, and this she did with the same abruptness which had marked her previous actions.

Without warning, or sound of any kind, she seemed to step right out of the rocky wall, and, with a quick motion, advanced to where she had left the wounded man lying beside the dead panther.

The brute was there, but the man was gone, leaving behind not the faintest clue as to which route he had taken.

With a frightened stare, the woman glanced round, instinctively falling back a few paces toward the unseen entrance, as though she feared a sudden attack, or, perhaps, a fatal shot from a hidden foe.

Her first and most natural conclusion was, that the Blackfoot had followed, discovered the wounded man and borne him off to the village. If such was indeed the case, nothing was more probable than that one or more of the savages would remain in ambush near by, with a view to discover her whereabouts.

As the woman stood, with one foot slightly advanced, in such position as would enable her to spring back at a moment's warning, her hands partially raised, her lips slightly parted in expectancy, and her wild, restless eyes roving over the surrounding scene, she presented a most striking and singular appearance.

She was rather above than below the medium height. Her form well developed and rounded, by constant exercise amid the bracing mountain breezes, was erect and graceful. Her face, which had once been eminently beautiful, was now cold and stern, with here and there lines that told of either great mental suffering or else more than ordinary physical hardship.

But, the most remarkable feature, and one that would attract instant attention, was the large, full gray eyes, which, as we have intimated, was wild, and to a certain degree, unsettled or wandering in its gaze, occasionally lighting up with that peculiar glare we sometimes see in those who are possessed by incipient insanity, and again clouding over with the burden of a great sorrow.

Her dress, half-civilized, half-savage, consisted of a closely-fitting bodice of some dark-colored cloth, with a narrow skirt that barely reached her ankles. Upon her small, shapely feet were embroidered moccasins, while at her waist, suspended by a broad strap of buck-skin gayly fringed, was the bullet-pouch and powder-horn, such as are used by the hunters of these regions. In a belt, also of buck-skin, that encircled her waist, was thrust the short, keen blade that had been wielded with such deadly effect in the panther fight.

widened into a room of considerable extent. This, however, was merely the ante-chamber to another and still larger apartment beyond.

This second room was evidently the abiding-place of the huntress.

Scattered about were various articles of comfort, even luxury for these parts: a cot in one corner, upon which were spread a number of bear and buffalo skins; a rude stand upon which were lying a large book, a pair of scissors, and one or two other feminine implements, and a light rifle standing against the wall, completed the furniture.

Off to the right, in a niche of considerable extent, in fact almost another room, stood the White Steed, ready saddled and bridled, while at his feet lay the brown bear, apparently in a profound slumber.

Muttering to herself, the strange woman busied herself about the place, gathering together several articles, among which was a piece of dried venison. This she placed in a kind of haversack which she hung over her shoulders.

She was evidently preparing for a journey, and was on the point of leading the white horse out, when suddenly she changed her resolution, left the animal in his stall, and walking to the bed threw herself upon it, and was soon buried in sleep.

When she awakened the light that came in through a large opening beneath a shelving rock above, had given place to the gloom of twilight, which in turn was passing into the deeper darkness of night itself.

With an exclamation of surprise, or impatience at having overslept herself, the huntress sprang from the couch, and, hastily catching up her rifle, took the bridle of the white steed in hand and led him through the chasm into the open air. The brown bear closely followed; and, as she paused upon the platform without, he thrust his cold muzzle into her hand and uttered a low whine.

"Yes, Brownie. We are off for the lowlands again," she said, while gently stroking his huge head.

"It is very strange that the wounded hunter should have left so abruptly," she murmured, as she stood gazing off to the northward where the Indian village lay, her arm thrown over the white steed's neck in a caressing attitude. "How strange the resemblance in that still, pale face to one that I so loved in other years, and have mourned so long! I know it can not be he," she continued, wearily passing her hand across her brow, "but I felt my heart go out to this stranger, with an impulse I could not restrain. Is it possible that the Blackfeet could have discovered this place and carried him off while I was absent? Hardly; and yet, what can have become of him, for surely he was not able to go away of his own accord. But, I must away. He can not be far hence, and if his foot has touched these rocks, Brownie will soon find the trail."

She now spoke to the bear, and talking him to the spot where the murdered man had laid, she made him scent the rocks round about for several minutes.

The intelligent brute appeared to comprehend her wishes, and after nosing about for a while, he suddenly moved slowly off on the trail that we have seen the Avenger descend.

"The bear has it!" exclaimed the huntress, as she readily mounted and rode after the brute, which was still progressing, muzzle to the earth.

Their progress was necessarily slow, not while traveling the downward path, but after striking the lower level, the trail was broken in several places by small streams of water that crossed it at right angles. In more than one of these the hunter seemed to have waded short distances, up or down their beds, and at each, the bear was forced to search the further bank until the scent was recovered.

While thus engaged the moon rose, and shed her soft rays over the broad bosom of the prairie.

The bear steadily pressed forward on the trail, losing it again and again, and as often recovering it with remarkable sagacity. In this way more than an hour was consumed after the moon rose, and the Wild Huntress found that she was approaching a belt of timber, which the reader will recognize as that which lay in front of the bear-tamer's camp. Upon the outer verge of the strip of forest, the dumb brute halted, raised himself upon his hind legs, and uttered a low growl.

Here we will leave them for a moment, and return to Old Grizzly and the Red Avenger from whom we parted as they were making their way from the interview with the Indian boy.

Without difficulty or danger of discovery, the two crossed the open country, and at length halted beneath the shadow of a dense grove not far from Old Grizzly's home.

Here a long and earnest council of war was held.

The news that Alfred Badger was to suffer death at the expiration of three days unless a substitute could be found in whose tortures the rage of the Blackfeet would be satisfied, moved the rugged nature of the old bear-tamer to the very bottom.

He entertained not the slightest idea of permitting the young man to die, not if he himself had to become the substitute, but he did not intend to resort to so desperate a measure until every other possible plan of release had been exhausted. In this determination he was heartily seconded by his companion, who, feeling that he was in some degree the cause of the young man's perilous situation, and further, having learned to admire the character of the bluff old bear-tamer, determined that he too would fight to the death for Alfred's release.

It was of this they talked, laying plans by which to be guided on the morrow when their measures were to be put into active operation.

"What now?" asked the bear-tamer, as his friend turned to depart. "That's plenty, my room in my ranch for two on us, and what's more, that's a grist of cow butter that can't be beat now."

"You see, I am without a rifle. I have one, and a good one, secreted not a great way off, and I must go to fetch it. I have also at the same place a complete Blackfoot costume."

"Bring it along! Bring it along to me, sure thing!" exclaimed Old Grizzly, eagerly. "I've the best thing you could wish for in a cow's eye."

"Well, then, I must be off. Look for me about daylight, and have Blunker muzzled," said the man, turning away and striking off through the timber in a northerly direction.

For some moments the bear-tamer stood gazing after the retreating figure.

"Durn my ole moccasins if he ain't a trump, ennyhow, an' he'll help me a power in—hullo! what the blazes ar' this hyar a-comin' now? Another one uv them 'em' mysterious mysteries. Swamp me fur a digger Injin if it ain't that 'ar gal as snaked them fellers outen the fire! She ar' a square 'un an' no mistake, an' though I hain't no curiosity, not the least bit in the world, yet, dang me, but I would like to know what she ar' cavortin' about their kentry this time o' night fur. Faggots an' flims—hyar she comes straight, plum center fur whar I'm a-standin'! An' thar's that b'ar a-leadin' uv her! He ar' a beauty, and I'd like ter add him to my collection, es the feller sez, but I reckon she wouldn't—yur don't say so!" he abruptly exclaimed, as the bear sighted him and raised on his hind feet after the manner of bears. "You be dodd durned; a-puttin' on sech a'r's es thet. I've got a notion to—no—I hain't, fur hyar's the gal, and the ole fellow, with instinctive gallantry, shook himself up in his back-skins, and smoothed down as best he might the tangled masses of his long hair.

"Call off the b'ar, ga—miss, I means!" said Old Grizzly, as the Wild Huntress rode up close to where he stood. "I hain't afeard on 'em much, but you see the 'ar mout git hurt."

"Down, Brownie!" was the quick command, and the obedient animal was as docile as a lamb.

"He ar' a good 'un, ga—miss, I means, but Lordy! you oughter see Samson in thar," and he pointed over his shoulder toward the camp.

"Yes, yes," interrupted the woman impatiently. "I came not here to talk of bears! Who are you?"

The manner was abrupt, and voice singularly stern for a woman. It evidently took the old bear-tamer aback.

"Who ar' I? Wal, I dunno but what it 'll take sum leetle time to satisfy yur curiosity on thet subject. I persume yur hev got yur share uv thet. Weemin mostly her."

"There was plainly a streak of humor in the gruff old trapper's composition. The strange woman's manner had riled him a little and brought it to the surface.

"I am searching for a hunter. He has no rifle; no weapons save his knife. His garments are rent, and he wears no covering on his head. Tell me, hunter, have you seen him?" This change of tactics upon the part of the woman, produced a corresponding change in the manner of the bear-tamer.

"Now yur talkin'!" he said. "Yur lookin' fur thet feller, ar' yur?"

"I am," was the reply, a little impatiently.

"Yes, I see! Yur say he hain't no rifle?" "Nothing but his knife. The Blackfeet have his rifle."

"Jess so. Now yur see, I hain't no curiosity, but I would like to know what yur want uv him," said Old Grizzly, with apparent earnestness.

"This is tridin'," exclaimed the woman, sharply. "Will you tell me plainly whether or not you have seen the hunter?"

"Wal, now, I jess hev. He was hyer not more'n a while sence."

"Which way went he? Tell me, that I may follow!" exclaimed the White Huntress, eagerly.

"War the b'ar a-trailin' uv him?" asked Old Grizzly, pointing to the beast, and speaking deliberately.

"Yes. He led me hither."

"Wal, now yur kin do better'n follerin' the stronger. He's come off across the kentry to git a rifle an' fixin's as he left in each, an' yur 'll hev a hard tramp to ketch him. He ar' to return hyar in the mornin', an' ef yur likes yur kin jess wait fur him."

"Where shall I rest for the night?" she asked, glancing around.

"Ef yur ain't skeart uv b'ars, I hev inside a kind uv ranche as 'll suit just how. I'm a-goin' to stand watch out hyar, enny how till mornin', fur I thinks the Blackfeet ar' out skinnidin' arter him as they calls the Red Avenger. Yur kin hev the place all to yurself."

"You are very kind," replied the Huntress. "I am weary, and will accept your offer. You say he will return in the morning?"

"Sartin, ga—miss, I means," said Old Grizzly. "We hev been on the scout to look arter a boyce uv mine, as the Blackfeet hev gruppied, an' to-morrer we ar' to try it agin'."

"Is he a captive in the Indian village?" asked the woman, eagerly.

"He ar' nothin' else, an' I'm durned sorry to hev to say it."

"How learned you this?" again questioned the woman.

In a few words the bear-tamer informed her of all that had passed at the rock by the Falling Waters, including the message sent by Silver Tongue, as well as what the Indian had said in regard to the daughter of Big Hand.

While relating this part of the interview, Old Grizzly observed that his singular visitor was intensely excited, frequently interrupting him with broken exclamations, and at one time by a series of hysterical sobs that shook her from head to foot.

"Brought from the Snow Mountains of the north!" she exclaimed, repeating the trapper's words, when he had finished; "it's not from the mountains of the north," she sobbed, "but torn from her mother's bosom by the fiends, after they had ruthlessly murdered her father and all save one who were with him!" And then, without a moment's warning, or speaking a word as to her intentions, she suddenly gathered up the reins, gave the white steed a furious cut with the heavy switch she held, and was away like a flash through the dense timber, waving her hand above her head, as though in parting.

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE IN THE WIGWAM.

BIG HAND, the great chief of the Blackfeet of the Northwest, was a ruler of Roman sternness and rigor. He governed with an iron hand, the signification of his name not being that of the physical size of that member, but of its figurative grasp and power.

Daring bravery, skill in the hunt and battle, and administrative ability are virtues which always command the respect of barbarians, and so it was that he held his power stronger than ever when the heat and snow of half a century had failed to bow his frame and subdue his lion spirit.

It was an unusual concession for him when he gave the Young Eagle three days' grace. His policy would have dictated the slaying of the captive, and the bending of every energy to the capture and execution of the Avenger also; but his respect and

friendship for Iron Head dictated the course adopted, and it was in reality a concession to the same qualities that so eminently distinguished himself.

The lodge of Big Hand was of great size, and furnished with all the gaudy profusion so characteristic of an Indian chief, many of the ornaments having been captured from wandering hunters and emigrants, and some of them were of the most valuable character.

The only inmate of the lodge besides himself was his adopted daughter, Silver Tongue, whose wonderful beauty and many fascinations had enchained the affections of many a young, and many a scarred warrior.

She had accompanied her father—for so she considered him—on many of his expeditions, and had been seen by hunters and trappers, so that the name of Silver Tongue was frequently heard at the forts and stations in the west, and always with a certain respect and admiration, rarely awakened by the mention of an Indian maiden.

It was late at night when the chief returned to his lodge, the interior of whose large apartment was illuminated by a blazing torch of pine. He strode into it, with something of the natural majesty of a forest king, and, pausing for a moment, looked about for his daughter, Silver Tongue.

He was not kept long in waiting, but, instead of bounding forth as was her wont to meet him, with ringing laughter and loving embrace, she walked forward slowly, and with a sad, downcast face.

"Do not inquire the chief, in dismay."

"The sun shines no more for Silver Tongue; all is night to her."

The conversation of father and daughter was of this figurative character, and we shall, therefore, take the liberty of making a very liberal translation for our readers.

Enfolded the now weeping maiden in his muscular arms, Big Hand pressed her to him, and fondly kissing her forehead, asked the cause of all this grief.

An adopted Blackfoot has been placed in the Strong Lodge and his life is in danger."

The chief started; how had Silver Tongue learned of this? And why was she so anxious regarding him?

"He is placed there but for a short time," he replied, still hoping that she had not learned all.

"And then he is to be led forth to suffer death in place of one who is guilty."

"Who told you all this?" asked the amazed chief, who could scarcely understand how the tidings had reached her so soon. He did not know that the almost breathless Leaping Elk had lain in wait for his father, and then dashed with all speed to Silver Tongue, having left but a few minutes before.

Big Hand saw that his daughter had learned the truth, and, in her present anxiously nervous state, the utmost that he could hope to do was to quiet her fears; so he spoke in a cheery voice:

"That is until we can capture Warrama, and then we shall set him free again."

"Suppose you do not secure Warrama? then Pe-toh-peek-kiss is to suffer in his stead."

"Oh! but we are going to catch the enemy of our race, and put him to the torture."

"But you had him once and he escaped; he may know enough to keep out of your power."

"He can not; for the Blackfeet warriors will strive as they never strove before to secure him."

This was only begging the question, and Silver Tongue pressed her father to a direct answer, and he gave it:

"Failing to capture Warrama, then the Young Eagle takes his place; it has been so decreed in council, and Big Hand pronounces the decree just."

Silver Tongue sunk on her knees, and, giving way to her grief, prayed:

"Spare, oh, spare him! do not let the innocent suffer!"

The chief lifted her to her feet, and spoke sternly:

"You forget that you are the daughter of a chief; I am grieved at your conduct, and I want no more to do with you, till you are yourself again."

And, although every nerve of his being yearned toward his beloved child, yet he turned and walked away, like the Roman parent, that he might teach her the lesson of justice before mercy.

Silver Tongue remained silent a minute after the departure of Big Hand, and then she roused herself, with something like the energy and stern will of her parent, from whom she had in reality learned not a little of her strong, heroic character.

"He loves me—he loves me," but he can never forget that he is chief of the Blackfeet."

She was hardly disappointed in the reception her father had given her, but young, and ardently loving as she was, she was not yet prepared to despair.

"I must see him," she added to herself, and she sat in deep thought; "he is in the strong lodge, but they will not refuse admission to Silver Tongue, and maybe there is some way in which he can be released."

This was the thought which fired her now, and infused such energy in her system. Until this day she knew nothing of the deep affection she now entertained for Young Eagle. She had seen and loved him from the first moment when, like a tiger at bay, he was wielding the tomahawk amid the crowd of enraged savages. It was simply a case of love at first sight.

"I love him," she added, blushing at the confession to herself, "and he has seen it. He has been but a short time here, but long enough for our eyes to meet and understand each other. I will go to him and see whether Leaping Elk and I can not rescue him."

This was a characteristic determination of the young princess, and very naturally she acted it out at once.

She always moved without restraint, and now passed from the lodge without question, only glancing around to see that Big Hand was not watching her, and walked away through the village.

The "strong lodge" was a building that had been erected by the Blackfeet warriors for the express purpose of holding prisoners and desperate characters. It was of a different character from the "death lodge," which the readers of "The Phantom Princess" may remember, held only those who had been irrevocably sentenced to death.

As the fate of Young Eagle was not to be decided, for nearly three days, he was not yet removed there.

The strong lodge well deserved its name, for it was made in the most substantial

manner, with poles and sticks driven into the earth, and skins, bark and stones arranged in quite an artistic fashion. The arrangement of the interior was, certainly unique and ingenious.

It consisted of five rooms or apartments, four of which were irregular in shape, while the fifth was circular, and was in the center of the others, communicating with each, so that it was impossible to reach this central apartment without passing through the others.

In this focus, as it were, of the vigilance of the Indians, their prisoner was placed until his fate was decreed, while in each of the surrounding rooms was a guard night and day.

Besides this the captive was bound during the night, his limbs being fastened at the ankles and elbows, so that, had a knife been placed in his hands, he would not have been able to help himself in the least.

During the daytime his limbs were untrammelled, and he was at liberty to move about; but, from this it will be seen that he was placed under a most unrelenting vigilance; and, young and naturally sanguine, as was Alfred Badger, he had not a gleam of hope of escaping from the strong lodge, without the consent of his captors.

It was in this lodge that the Avenger had been placed, and in which he used his utmost skill to leave, but without a particle of success; so that, our readers will understand how dark were the prospects of the young captive, who had so many friends enlisted in his favor.

It was late at night when Silver Tongue reached the strong lodge, and entered one of the doors. As she expected, she found a couple of Blackfeet sentinels seated upon the ground, but thoroughly wide awake.

They looked up with no little surprise as she entered, but they recognized her on the instant, and scarcely could have treated Big Hand himself with greater awe and respect.

One of the Indians was a distinguished warrior, and a worshiper of the beautiful maiden "from afar," and he sprang to his feet and waited to hear her commands.

"I have come to speak to Pe-toh-peek-kiss," said she, in a haughty, imperious manner.

The Indian felt that he was doing scarcely right in admitting her, and yet he could not refuse; so he silently pointed to the door of the central apartment, as a direction for her.

In each of the rooms, a sickly, smoking torch was burning, dimly illuminating the interior, so that the maiden could see every thing about her. With a rapidly throbbing heart, Silver Tongue walked across the ground of the first "room," and timidly paused at the entrance of the prison of the one whom she loved with such a deep, yearning love.

Alfred had heard the words that had been spoken, as he lay upon his couch of skins, and he roused up to a sitting position, just as she appeared at the door.

His heart bounded as he saw her, for her wonderful beauty had awakened a responsive emotion in his breast, and during the lonely moments that he had spent in the strong lodge, he had thought not a little of the lovely creature he had seen in the square.

Like many of the Blackfeet, the maiden spoke the English tongue quite readily, her father having learned it many years before at the different trading-posts, and he took especial delight in teaching it to her.

The Indian is proverbially a stoical being, but not always so, as for instance, when associated together in their own families. We have seen that Silver Tongue, who had acquired all the habits of those among whom she had so long dwelt, gave way to her emotion when in the presence of her supposed father, the chief, Big Hand; but now, when her feelings were stirred to their profoundest depths, she stood calmly regarding the captive, evincing no undue excitement or sympathy.

"I have come," she said, approaching the prisoner, and speaking in a low tone, "to tell Pe-toh-peek-kiss that I am sorry that my father has placed him here."

"And I am deeply grateful for your kindness in coming," replied the young hunter. "I had begun to think that there was no friend to a captive like me in all the village, but I see that I was mistaken. Are you not the daughter of the great chief? him who holds my life in his hand?"

"I am," was the reply, and then, as though referring to the assertion of the captive that he had no friends, she said:

"Leaping Elk is your friend."

"Yes. A noble youth, he is too," replied the young man, enthusiastically. "He has twice, communicated with me, and I love him like a brother."

"Has the Young Eagle words that he would like to have spoken in the ears of his friend, the Man of the Bears?" asked the maiden, who was evidently becoming much embarrassed under the passionate gaze of the young hunter.

"When our ears are listening to the sweet sound of Silver Tongue's voice, I care not to think of aught else," responded Alfred, earnestly.

The girl blushed deeply, and her large, dark eyes lit up with a gleam of pleasure.

"But, the Young Eagle is in danger," she replied. "The Man of the Bears is a great warrior, and he is the friend of Pe-toh-peek-kiss. He must be told."

"Is Silver Tongue sorry for the Young Eagle?" asked the hunter, again avoiding the subject of relief, and clinging to that nearest his heart.

"Silver Tongue has wept on her knees before her father that Pe-toh-peek-kiss might be spared," was the innocent answer.

"Then I care not what comes!" exclaimed the young man, enthusiastically. "The Young Eagle has looked into the dark eyes of Silver Tongue; he has heard the sweet words she has spoken, and now—" but the words were drowned in a tumult of sounds, that suddenly arose from without, indicating that something of an unusual nature had taken place.

With an exclamation of affright, Silver Tongue bounded toward the door, raised, looked around, and, as if obeying an impulse that could not be controlled, she stepped quickly back to the captive's side, stooped, and imprinting a light kiss upon his forehead, was gone like a flash of light.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 82.)

EVERY man's understanding and requirements—how great and expensive, ever they may be—are made up from the contributions of his friends and companions. It is from these perpetual rills of knowledge that you refresh yourself and become strong and healthy as you are.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

TO A. M. O.

Where'er you may dwell
May content be your lot,
With Friendship like ivy
Enriching your cot.
May each rosy morn,
Decked in mantle of peace,
Shed health o'er your dwelling,
Your blessings increase.
May your honest endeavors
Be crowned with success;
May you ever be happy,
Ne'er witness distress.
On your peaceful abode
May all blessings descend,
Is the wish of your most
Affectionate friend,
WILLIE.

Sporting Scenes.

VII.

THE winter was more than usually severe among the mountains on the north waters of the Susquehanna. The snow fell early in the month of December, so that winter might be said to have set in pretty decidedly some time before Christmas. I had been on a visit for a few weeks in the vicinity of S— L—; but had accepted an invitation to meet a party of my own country people, at the residence of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. T—, on the last day in December, with an understanding that we were "to dance in the new year." The distance I had to travel was but six miles; yet the road—if a dim track through the woods might be so called—was at all seasons bad; now the snow was so deep that it was rendered still worse, so that it took a considerable time to get through it. At that season of the year the wolves occasionally infest the neighborhood; and although at all seasons depredations are liable to be committed upon the small flocks of sheep in the vicinity, yet it is in winter, when they pack and hunt together, that the greatest danger is to be apprehended. The day previous to my proposed visit, a party of thirteen (for my numbers were easily ascertained by their tracks in the snow) had issued from their haunts in the adjoining forest, and had destroyed nearly fifty sheep belonging to the gentleman with whom I was sojourning. Although they had probably sucked the blood of the chief part of the sheep they had killed, they of course had not been able to devour the carcasses of more than a fourth part; it looked as if they had slaughtered them through sheer wantonness. My invitation to my friends' was a dine at two o'clock; for it is not customary to keep to the extremes of fashion in the backwoods. I, however, for some reason or other, saw fit to defer going until evening, when, as my road lay close along the edge of the swamp the wolves were known to inhabit, I stood a good chance of being serenaded by their wild and melancholy howlings, and probably might arouse some of them from their lairs. My friends pressed me to travel by daylight, but I kept my determination; and just as the shades of evening were closing in, I desired my horse to be not ready; and when the boy brought him saddled to the door, he called my attention to the howling of the wolves, which could be distinctly heard in the exact direction of the road I had to travel, although the noise seemed to proceed from a swamp at a couple of miles' distance. Being prepared with a stout cudgel in lieu of a riding-whip, I mounted my horse and set forward, already beginning to regret of having delayed my journey until so late an hour. By the time I had passed the scene of carnage of the preceding day, and was about to enter the dark and almost trackless woods, daylight had totally disappeared, and nothing remained for me but to pursue my way, and make the best of it.

I had not proceeded far ere I came to a steep descent, where the water from an adjoining spring had overflowed the snow, which was consequently formed into a continued sheet of ice, all the way down the declivity. My horse being smooth-shod, I deemed it safer to walk; therefore, dismounting and taking the bridle in my hand, I endeavored to lead the way down the slippery path. Before, however, I had got half-way to the bottom, away slid both my feet, and down I came. My horse was so startled at the suddenness of my fall that he made a spring to one side of the track, lost his footing, and came down close beside me. But in the spring he made when I fell, from my hand being fast in the bridle, I was jerked back some distance up the hill with such force that, when I recovered a little from the shock, I felt fully persuaded that my shoulder was dislocated. We both, however, gathered ourselves up as well as we were able; and there we stood, in no condition to protect ourselves from the wolves, should they see fit to attack us; for from the way in which my horse stood, I was afraid that he had suffered still more damage than myself. When the pain of my shoulder had somewhat subsided, I examined it more minutely, and convinced myself that it was not dislocated; but the severe wrench had injured it so much that I had no hope of making use of that arm during the remainder of my ride. And as regarded my horse, I was pleased to find that he still possessed the use of his four legs, although one of them moved with less ease than it had done before. Having contrived to get to the bottom of the descent, I again mounted, with extreme difficulty, for I could only use my left hand—in which I had to grasp both the bridle and my war-club. Had the wolves attacked us, we should have been in considerable danger; for I found, on proceeding, that one of my horse's forelegs was severely sprained; but either they were not aware of our condition, or they were in no need of a supper; for, on getting beyond the confines of the swamp, I aroused several of them from their quiet hiding-places; and instead of stopping to scrutinize me and my horse, away they ran, through the thick underwood, while I hallooed with all my might, giving every tree within the reach of my club a good left-handed blow or two. In this manner I continued along the dim and unbroken track, feigning to be a very hero—although I candidly confess that I only recollect one or two instances in my whole life when I felt so thoroughly intimidated. Afterward, I could not help thinking that I had only received the reward of my folly—for I had sprained my own shoulder severely—injured my horse's leg—disappointed myself of the pleasant society of my friends for a few hours—and all this for the credit of being able to boast of having dared to ride past the "wolf swamp" after night-fall, when it was known that thirteen ravenous wolves were inhabiting it.

Saturday Journal

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Our Arm-Chair.

A Query Answered.—A lady correspondent signing herself "An Anxious Mother," says:

"I have two daughters to educate, one fourteen and one fifteen years of age. They ought to go to some good school where manners and morals are a matter of some consideration. Can you suggest for me?"

We can "suggest" a great many good schools, but would not like to assume the responsibility of directing. We are only too fully aware that a *grand defect* in our educational systems and institutions is the indifference to the *moral* nature of the students. We educate the head and leave the heart to take care of itself. One chief reason why the Roman Catholic close schools or "Convents" are so well patronized, is because there the anxious parent knows the moral influence is admirable. As a rule the most pretentious and expensive schools are worthless in proportion to their charges. Some of the very *best* schools in the East, morally and intellectually, are in this city. They take only a limited number of pupils and charge twice or three the prices of other and far better institutions. These high-priced and exclusive schools are—*shoddy*.

Boy-Smokers.—A young friend, who has just learned to smoke, asks us what *harm* there is in it. A great deal, dear boy—a very great deal of harm, moral and physical, to say nothing of its expensiveness. Morally it leads to *other vices*; it makes you gravitate toward fast companions and barrooms; it makes you offensive to ladies; it sets a bad example. Physically it is a slow but a sure road to diseased lungs, heart and nerves. A French physician who investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were addicted to the habit, found that twenty-seven presented distinct symptoms of nicotine poison. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of the circulation, indigestion, dullness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drinks; in three there was heart affection; in eight decided deterioration of blood; in twelve there was frequent epistaxis; ten had disturbed sleep, and four had ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth.

So you see, dear Robbie, what the drug and poison may do for you! Oh, be wise in time, and let the tobacco leaf never soil your lips!

Editorial Politeness.—A contributor writes:

"It is so sweet to find our simple efforts not altogether unappreciated. You have lightened, by your kindness, many an hour of weary work, and I give you my grateful thanks. If all editors, who sit in the high places on your side of the mountains, had been so kind, I should have been saved some deeply hurt feelings, once or twice."

We regret to say that there are editors whose treatment of authors is unnecessarily harsh. In an experience of over twenty-five years, as editor and writer for the press, we have encountered not one dozen persons whose views of the proper treatment of contributors correspond with our own. We believe in treating all at least courteously; and, as far as possible, in helping on the aspirant. This seems to us but fair treatment; it is duty; and if some editors are crusty and impolite it is simply their publishers' fault—he ought to *compel* them to courtesy and justice to contributors.

What "the Masses" Want.—A publisher of a spirited and neat weekly in Ohio, writes:

"I think the SATURDAY JOURNAL one of the best papers published in New York. I receive almost all of them but none come up to it in sparkling contents and pleasing variety of matter."

It is a successful paper indeed which pleases editors and readers alike. We think the SATURDAY JOURNAL has pretty effectually disproved the old idea that what is most widely popular is of inferior literary merit. We demand the best that well-qualified authors can produce, and the public applauds, showing that "the masses" are keen judges of what is good. The critic or editor who treats this judgment of the masses with indifference or contempt is illy qualified for his office.

A Crying Sin.—We find this paragraph in the *On dit* of the day:

"The wife of a U. S. senator, and daughter of a distinguished Judge, has lately purchased six and a half yards of lace in Paris, for which she paid \$8,000. This lace was offered to the late Empress of the French, and to Queen Victoria, but was refused as too expensive for them to wear."

Whereupon 'an American lady comes forward and carries off the prize,' says the chronicler.

Carries off the prize in folly and extravagance, setting an example for other fools to imitate to their ruin.

We daily hear of wardrobes that cost tens of thousands of dollars; and each modification or change of styles is based upon the principle of greater cost.

We daily read of robbery in high places—of corruption in officers of trust, and of the growing greed of gain in our midst.

Dishonesty and want of private virtue are simple elements in the problem of extravagance and vain show. When you see one you may know for a certainty that the other is its shadow.

To the pure all things are pure. But the pure and honest shrink from the extravagance of "shoddy" and pretense as from a leprosy.

PEPPER SAUCE.

THERE is one result of the "Woman Question" that is highly amusing to a quiet observer with acute risibilities.

In old times, when there were no female editors or lecturers, the gentlemen had things mostly their own way; they filled their columns with items concerning the terrible follies and vices of the fair sex, and the printer's "last line" generally consisted of some witty (or remark of a mystical old bachelor of a crusty nature, about woman's "jaw." The crusty old bachelor was—and is still—a standing institution; but, since the advent of the "Woman Question," the traditional "jaw" of woman is of some practical use, and there is, now and then, some remarks concerning the follies of the men.

From the rostrum and newspaper they find themselves assailed, and the consequence is a nervous commotion in the masculine ranks. If it were possible for the number of compliments to woman, in the way of insinuations concerning her love of a new bonnet, her jealousy, her vanity, her weakness and looseness of tongue, to increase, I should think such items were increasing, as I counted seven in a column of "Items of Interest" this morning; but the bitterness of spirit felt has other and more amusing manifestations.

The editors and minor powers behind the throne of newspapers in general, and certain ones in particular, give vent to their nettlesome feelings by sundry remarks about the "monster man," "masculine beast," "trowered hyena," etc., and one porter, who evidently has a very uncomfortable flea in his ear, speaks of his sex as "the excrement on the face of nature, commonly denominated man."

Now, all this is immensely amusing to me—which is, no doubt, proof of my sin and iniquity; but, really, it does me considerable good to see that the men—"hard-shelled" as they are—are not *quite* shot proof.

I have got so dreadfully tired of reading about the "crusty old bachelor" (the authors show their penetration by having it a bachelor, for no man who had a wife to civilize him would be so heathenish, unless he was like the Feejees—totally depraved, and unsuceptible of Christian regeneration); about the bravery required to enable a man to live with a woman; about her terrible vanity and extravagance, etc., etc., that I don't know but I am a little wicked. If I am, the men are wholly to blame for it. (I trust I may be pardoned for trying to shift the responsibility, considering that you, gentlemen, have long, since learned, by experience, that the temptation to do so is irresistible. For instance: If a man contract a habit of guzzling strong drink, it is because his wife's scolding propensities drove him to it. If he fails in business, it is because of his wife's extravagance. Fifteen-cent cigars, etc., had nothing to do with it.)

Throughout all newspaper ages this itemizing has been practiced, and it is really refreshing to read two paragraphs running in this wise, the one following the other:

"To smother a young lady in happiness, give her two canary birds, a dozen yards of bright silk, a moonlight walk with her beau, an ice cream, a bouquet, and the promise of a new bonnet."

"Woman was Heaven's last best gift to man. In prosperity she is his helpmeet and guide, the tender, gentle presence that makes his home a paradise; in sickness she is the ministering angel, and in poverty and sorrow she is the brave, strong helper that sympathizes with all his troubles, and upholds him in the hour of trial, when his less strong spirit, under the trials that bend him, would faint by the way."

This is only a trifling sample of the way in which the sentiment is piled up; but its peculiar style is rather against its popularity with women.

Woman was not created for any purpose, except as a gift to man. She is his comforter, his help, his guide, and his all—and all his. The man and the woman family—the women are merely the accessories. One brilliant masculine eloquently observes that "Woman is the most faithful companion of man."

"The most faithful!" How grand the sentiment! How lofty the conception! Horses and dogs—especially the latter—are very faithful companions of man; but, among all his devoted friends, woman is the "most faithful!" Ahem!

One spicy writer of the day declares that "if any thing will make her a convert to the doctrine of Woman's Rights" in its broadest, ugliest and completest sense, it is the shallow, pretended opposition to it so often met with;" but a stronger argument, to me, in its favor, is the idea lurking in so many masculine minds that woman is, morally and intellectually, inferior to man.

That is exasperating in the last degree!

LETTIE ARLEY IRONS.

THE MAIN OBJECT.

It strikes me, as a positive fact, that if we were more prone to stick to one thing in this life, we'd be ten times as successful as we are now. If we only have perseverance, so also will we have good fortune at last. We must always keep the real object in view, and *cling* to it. We may get discouraged at times, but a firm will conquers many obstacles. We leave the substance to hunt after shadows.

We rise in the morning with an idea that we will write a story; of course it is going to be our very best, and we get half through with it, when some one interrupts us, or we get tired of our work. The consequence is, the plot is forgotten, or what was commenced for pleasure becomes a task to finish, and we wonder how the editor could be so cruel as to decline it. We get mad, have an idea that we were not cut out for an author, and go at something else. We find one occupation too tiresome, and we endeavor to combine a great many together, until we become a sort of "Jack at all trades."

Now, I don't believe in these "Jack at all trades," because they make too much botching at their work. I'd rather have a person stick to one thing, and do that well, than to brag of how many things they are capable of performing, and finding no finish to one of them.

I'd advise every one to learn some sort of a trade, and then you'll have something to fall back upon in time of need. Don't say, "a trade is low." It isn't! Don't say, "must be low to say such a thing. How could we get our houses built, our rooms furnished, locks made to keep out the thieves, if the workmen did not learn their trades? I honor a workman who labors

with his hands, as well as I do the literary man who gains his living by his pen. If you say I'm wrong I'll cut your acquaintance!"

You don't mean to say, my dear Eve, that you'd treat the woman who makes your dresses with the same respect you would the Hon. Mrs. Soandso?"

Yes, I would; and why not? Aren't they both my sisters? If they're honest and virtuous, why should I make a distinction? Does it make Mrs. Soandso any more honorable on account of having "Hon." to her name, or does it make my dressmaker less so because she does not possess such a "handle?" They both have got a sphere of life to fill, and if they fill it well, what's the difference? As to cringing to the wealthy, and patronizing the poor, I *shan't* do it. I don't run in the Lawless blood, and I am not going to be the one to disgrace my family.

But, I'll tell you what'll alter my opinion—a pretty hard thing to do, by the way, if Grandma Lawless is right. It is this: If Mrs. Soandso goes to work making her own dresses to save expense, and my dressmaker tries to carry on airs and graces, and act as if it was a favor for her to cut my garments, then I'll give in and believe that they're both hum-hum insects. So now!

Brother Tom thinks I don't mean what I say, and when I tell him I do, he says I am mean enough for any thing, and all because I won't show him how to write a love-letter! I might give him a few that were sent to me recently. I'd like to oblige Tom, because he told Charley I'd be home the other evening; but I was striving to get off a few essays, and I believe in doing one thing at a time, don't you?

But, that Brother Tom of mine will continue to pester me, like a fly in August, by wondering if I refer to courting in my remarks, and after I've tried to drive him away by throwing my silk pen-wiper at him, I tell him, "Yes, I believe a man ought to get through courting one girl, and get the mitten, before he commences to court another." There, now, you hateful, aggravating Tom, what do you think of that? Isn't that the way to crush your brothers' foolish remarks, girls? It's as well to get in practice, because, you know, we may have somebody else's brother given to our care, one of these days, and we'll provoke them so they'll have to stop our mouths—with a kiss; that's our main object.

EVE LAWLESS.

CHILLS.

Do you ever have a chill, oh, patient reader of mine? Were you ever frozen with cold, scorched with fever, racked with pain, tortured with headache for long, weary hours, until you lost energy, appetite and spirits, and felt and looked like the ghost of yourself?

If not, then, oh, my blessed friend, thank your lucky stars and be happy, for you have escaped one of the most aggravating ills which mortal flesh is heir to.

And if you have, then let a fellow-sufferer extend you her most earnest sympathy—misery loves company, you know—and we'll have a jolly time being miserable together.

A certain terrible disease we all know of has been likened very often to *snakes*; lately I read a sketch by a fanciful writer who likened a fever to a tiger, which approached you slowly at first and then overthrew you with a sudden and fatal spring.

I think the *ague* may be thus likened to a cat—not considered at all dangerous, a thing one does not feel afraid to trifle and play with, but who has sharp, treacherous claws concealed beneath her velvet fur, and who sometimes, when you have her lying quiet and cosy in your very lap, will suddenly stretch out those deadly claws and inflict a sharp wound.

"Oh, it's nothing but a chill," I can easily break *that*, I used to say. And resorting forthwith to some remedy which should prevent a return of the enemy, would feel pretty well, and fall to making plans and carrying out intentions like other folks.

Many and many a morning I have risen with some pet scheme in my head for the day's disposal, and gone merrily to work, feeling as bright and well as anybody.

But alas! "man proposes" (or woman either) and every day we see that the "disposing" is in other hands than ours. After a while would come that insidious feeling of lassitude and languor, which is the first warning of the enemy—then, as it increased, the tormenting aches and pains, which once experienced are well remembered, and then the exclamation, which soon became patent to the whole household: "Oh, dear, I'm going to have a chill!"

Oh, my dear reader! Indiana is a nice place, it's a good place—it's acres are broad and fertile, its hills are sunny, its valleys are green and shady. Its people have hearts as big as their barns, and barns bigger than their churches—though there are plenty of churches, and big ones at that, and plenty of good men to preach in them.

But its air, alas, is impregnated with the deadly miasma of chills-and-fever, and so, oh my dear friend, don't come to Indiana and get the *ague*!

Stay where you are, in a blessed latitude where "shakes" are unknown, and quinine is unneeded, and where, if you must be sick, you can have a downright, sensible spell of fever or pleurisy or influenza, or, in short, any thing and every thing but the chills! and *adieu*, MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

OUR MOTHER.

ROUND the idea of one's mother the mind of a man clings with fond affection. It is the first thought stamped upon our infant hearts when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and the after-feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. Even in our old age we look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have through life. Our passions and our willfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels and opposition; but, when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but still memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles among her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the early period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces and virtues, which we doubt not she possessed.

Foolsap Papers.

Our Fair.

THE Clamville Fair will be opened next week with a needle and will run as long and as much as it wants to.

Arrangements have been made with the weather clerk to have clear weather while it lasts.

A special police force will be on hand to promptly arrest any persons who are being imposed upon, and to prevent agents from selling worm lozenges to unsuspecting couples from the country.

Babes in arms, and old maids in arms—their beaus—not admitted unless they can show a marriage certificate.

No falling in love at first sight allowed on the grounds, as several accidents of that kind happened last year which resulted in matrimony and misery.

People are not permitted to grumble if there is more earth in the air than under foot—we mean dust—their garments must be shaken at the gate, so they will carry none of it off.

If anybody's corns are trod on in the floral halls they are not allowed to shriek out and startle nervous people.

At this exhibition no signs of disgust are allowed to be exhibited at its managers.

People climbing over the fence are earnestly requested to break their necks.

No steam boilers allowed on the grounds unless they have been inspected and suspected.

Pickpockets are requested to ply their trade so as not to disturb the people.

Everything will be done to have every thing perfect, and no one will be allowed to go away displeased—they will be kept from going.

All small families of thirteen children and upward are requested to come, as the real resources of our country must be shown.

To please the people every article will be presented with a red card.

In rolling fat pigs in, people are requested to get out of the way.

People exhibiting large pumpkins are requested to tell what they fed them on, still-slop or corn, and whose "what I know about, etc." they read.

Owing to the overwhelming rush of applicants last year there will be no premiums given for the best expositor of other people's business, the biggest fool, the deadiest beat, the best-looking man or the biggest liar.

The president will drive a six-in-hand, attached to a threshing machine, around the track at ten o'clock each day.

A four-in-hand attached to a plow will run to and from the fair grounds for the conveyance of passengers.

The president will exhibit his celebrated span of hogs, Romeo and Juliet, which he raised entirely on the bottle. He would feed them one day and starve them the next to give them a streak of fat and a streak of lean. They have the largest streak of lean for they lean against the fence to stand up. Their sides resemble washboards, and the family uses them for that purpose. They belong to the sparrish breed, and afford the utmost facilities for the study of anatomy to the enthusiastic student, and show how extremely easy a hog can be raised—you can raise both with one hand. They should be looked at to be seen.

The following is a partial list of premiums:

- Best two-horse toothpick, \$3 00
- Best reputation—the owner's word taken for it, 3 00
- Best pair of bed bugs for family use, 5 00
- Best pair of ditto, for hotel use, 20 00
- Best cigar stump-puller, 1 00
- Best spring wagon, 5 00
- Best spring chicken, 4 00
- Best yoke of fleas—domestic, 2 00
- Best harrow, with teeth inserted on rubber plate, 1 00
- Best yoke of fleas, 2 00
- Best appetite—home-made, 2 00
- Best corn-crusher (boot), 1 00
- Best hose, unhandled, 1 00
- Best stationary rocking-chair, 2 00
- Best farm bell-cows for wringing clothes, 25 00
- Best brick machine, bottle whiskey, 5 00
- Best thoroughbred four-year-old spinning-jenny, 4 00
- Best long-eared imported boot-jack, 4 00
- Best four-year-old suckling pig of iron, 3 00
- Best cloth coat of paint, 5 00
- Worst fitting shirt, 1 00
- Best darned socks, 75 00
- Prettiest girl, on application to the President, a kiss valued at 150 00
- Best bull cow, 5 00
- Best one-horse mule, 5 00
- Best long-horned muley cat, 5 00
- Best six-year-old calf, 5 00
- Best six years old yearlings, 4 00
- Worst husband, a kick worth 75 00
- Best horse-power tuning-fork, 5 00
- Best portable stone quarry, 10 00
- Best stove in hat, 5 00
- Best horse shoeing, 4 00
- Best fly shooting, 3 00
- Best ivory-mounted, six-octave, double-distilled post hole, 1 00
- Best newspaper printed on a three-cylinder clothes press, 10 00
- Best Singer sewing machine for grass seed, 5 00
- Best gloriously tight tub, 3 00
- Best two-horse pocket-book, 1 00
- Strongest pound of nine months old butter, 50
- Finest cabbage head, combed, 2 00
- Nicest winter apples, 1 00
- Largest Adam's apples, 10 00
- Sourest pickled pairs, married, 5 00
- Best raspberry wine made out of old rasps, 2 00
- Best soda and Chinese crackers for the table, 1 00
- Best parrot horse collar, 2 00
- Loudest baby, a spanking worth 50 00
- Best display of bran flour corn meal, and other articles of fashionable millinery, 10 00
- The oldest hen—landlords not allowed to compete, 4 00
- Best portrait in coal oil, 2 00
- Best looking, industrious, uncomplaining wife, 50 00

Articles exhibited for premiums become the property of the President.

Three-card monte, chuckaluck, ball game, etc., will be carried on for the amusement of our truly rural friends who think they can see just where it is themselves.

The Fair will wind up on the last day, with a race between a running account and a slow note.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, President.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned unless stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MSS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book Ms., and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rate."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of copy; third, upon neatness of presentation. MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving its date or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find it ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Contributors must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Will find place for the following sketches, essays, stories, poems, etc.: "Addie's Handkerchief Hold-er," "Tom Dickson's Boy's Last Fight," "Caught in the Act," "Vashti," "Wanted, Lodgings," "The Guardian Tree," "What Constitutes a Gentleman," "Amid the Roses," "The Teamster's Story."

We shall not be able to find room for tales, sketches, poems, etc., as follows: "The Crazy Colonel," "The Mad Fiddler's Outing," "The Minutes too Late," "Flirting by Proxy," "The Garnet Cross," "Circumstantial Evidence," "Death at the Bridal," "Christina," "The Ten-past," "Three Prairie Tales by D. C. S.," "Step by Step."

Again we say—pay your postage in full. Packages come in every day marked, "Due 3c," "Due 6c," etc. We are not patient with such delinquents.

T. H. W. We return the sketch. It is hardly the thing for a popular paper. We thank you much for your opinion of the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

J. B. H. There is, we think, a cure for all passionate natures. Such must be taught self-control. The flow of tears is not to be restricted, for it acts as a safety-valve for the intense storm in the mind. The essay referred to appeared in the preceding issue, its publication having been delayed on account of its too great length.

J. F. H. St. Louis. The romance, "The Dead Secret," is Wilkie Collins' best work. It is published by three or four houses in this country. If A. Brady published it, it would be very rare, and must have been by some other author than Collins.

NEWSDEALER. We certainly have no objection to a story (serial) which has for its hero a colored boy or man.

CARRIE BEACH. The poem is promising, but rather too young for our pages. It would read well in some Sunday-school journal. All we can say is persevere and be patient if you wish to become a writer for the press.

G. K. R. Your case is frying-pan and fire. Our advice is to drop both girls—giving neither any show of favor. One or both will soon tire of so inattentive a lover.

L. O. T. We are governed in our prices to authors solely by merit of the production and its value in attracting readers. There is no "regular price" in our mode of doing business.

J. K. POLK, JR. is hardly yet qualified to write for the press. His two contributions do not "pass muster."

ROY CROWN. Send your collection of stamps to any good book-dealer and he will dispose of them for you.

J. W. C. It is not proper for a gentleman to salute a lady with whom he has no acquaintance unless she first bows to him. Then it would be very rude not to bow or tip the hat in return. No stranger should presume to bow to a lady, for that implies acquaintance—which, to presume, is to presume.

In all cases where the acquaintance is slight the gentleman should wait for the lady to first recognize.

J. S. R. We do not care to tell you the cost of the fine serial, "Haud, Not Heart." That is all between author and publisher. Glad that we please you so much.

ROSS TAYLOR. The name of the story is only such a coincidence as often occurs. The paper referred to, we believe, never returns rejected MSS.

LOUIS H. TEXAS. The new New York Post Office is to be built by the United States Government. The city of New York has nothing to do with it.

A. K. C. The best time for students to study is when they are fresh and attentive—in the morning; but, if knowledge can not be gained in the night study, then study by night.—Pittsburg is by no means the greatest iron and coal mart in the world. It is the greatest in the United States.

EARNEST. Any good druggist will make you an ointment that will remove pimples from the face if they are not caused by certain bad practices.

BANQUET. Your complaint reminds us of the man who once tried to run a hotel on the dishwater that he liked. As he liked pork and beans he served them on his table at every meal, and was quite astonished when all his guests but one refused to eat them. He said out of tastes we must give great variety of matter. Kingwood is a favorite with an immense audience of readers.

M. D. C. Mr. Aiken will play in Cleveland, Nov. 20-21st.—The story of San Francisco life will appear in due time.—The "Ice Fiend" (Dine Novel) is the same story once advertised in these columns. Your opinion of the SATURDAY JOURNAL is the best of those of others who are casting aside other papers for it.

NED DRAXE. We fear there is no cure for the redness of the face. Try carbolic acid and glycerine.

STUDIO. The Cooper Institute Classes are open to all.

HENRY C. C. is rather critical. He writes: "Why is it that the homely women always dress in a way to make their homeliness more noticeable? I have observed that, as a rule, a woman with a big nose, retreating chin, high cheek bones and rat eyes, is sure to dress her head in a jaunty pretense of a hat and waterfall as big as a bushel of oats," etc., etc. Henry has simply pointed out the defects of the able enough, since it harms no one. If homely women don't want to *tone down* their unattractive features it is their own business, surely. Of course would be better, on the score of good taste, not to make what is homely, too noticeable.

We frequently receive, along with MSS., such requests as the following in a note before us: "I wish you would give me your opinion of it in your answers to Correspondents," whether it is accepted or not. I wish your opinion in regard to style and merit of composition, and also in regard to its defects and merits." Usually no attention is given to such requests. We are not public teachers. If an editor assumed to direct all beginners in the literary haphazardness he would indeed have his hands full. To break in young colts were an easy job, compared to it. If, in this case, for instance, we were to read the

THE DEWDROP AND TEAR.

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR, JR.

Fell from Aurora's coronet
A diamond of dew,
As she her tresses, wavy wet,
Back from her bright brow threw,
Alighting on a lily leaf
Where, for her lover dead,
A maiden, in her lonely grief,
A pearly tear had shed.

When had the dazling disk rose higher,
And each had caught one beam,
The liquid jewel reflected fire,
The pearl sad, pale did seem.
Up spoke the dewdrop, lustre proud:
"How dare I gaze on thee,
Thou pretty bumble of the shroud?"
Naught said the modest tear.

The dewdrop in its glitter great,
To shame the wild tear strove,
And mocked, with sparkling sheen elate,
Its humble light of love.
Till Zephyr came, with wanton wing,
And brushed the dewdrop down,
But bore the gem from sorrow's spring
To heaven's immortal crown.

In the Wilderness.

VII.—THE BUCK AT BAY.

As the sun peeped up behind the trees to the east the party were afoot, ready for deer-hunting again. Old Ben, as usual, took the lead, and away they go through the deep forest, heavy with dew, heading for the openings which are the haunt of the deer. Old Ben is joking Viator about the spill of the night before, while the hunter takes good-naturedly, joining in the laugh against himself. The forest becomes more open now, and the grass is green, a heavenly pasture for the deer. Ben is instructing the student in whom his fatherly interest continues, in regard to the course he must pursue in this kind of hunting. After a six-mile walk, Viator is stationed on the edge of a great opening, where a tempest has been at work, felling the trees in great heaps, their branches intertwined in inextricable confusion. Between the heaps the grass grows green, and here the game is to be roused. Three hundred yards further on Scribner takes his stand, and the guide and his young friend go on together a short distance, and reach a point of the woods which has far out into the "deadening," as these places are named.

"You stand ready now, my boy," said Ben. "I want you to beat them chaps, and I've given you the best place on the deadening. I don't keer so much about Viator, but you must beat that book-writin' feller, anyhow."

"I'll do my best," replied the student. "Be steady, whatever you do. Remember that you are about three inches behind the fore-shoulder, and if you miss with one barrel, try the other."

The weapon which the student carried in this hunt was a peculiar one, now but seldom used. The stock was not more than eight inches long, and the barrels were placed one above the other, instead of side by side, and one lock was upon the side of the gun instead of below. Ben was the owner of this queer weapon, and spoke well for its efficiency. The student took his station and waited, and the guide went on alone. Half an hour passed, during which the old hunter was making the circuit of the deadening, getting into position for a drive at the deer. The young men, more or less impatiently, waited for his movements, which they knew would be well timed. He had but one dog with him, a deer-hound of his own raising, which was trained to perfection, and seemed to know by instinct which way to drive the deer.

All at once the cry of the hound rose, clear and full upon the evening air. What music to the ears of the hunter! Every man sprung to his feet, and with his gun thrown forward and foot advanced, waited for the coming of the game. Viator, the old sportsman, heard the beat of coming hoofs, and a herd of five deer, two bucks and three does, bounded from the thicket, and rushed past his place of concealment. The gun sprung to his shoulder, as if by clockwork, a stream of fire leaped out, and the second buck leaped into the air and struck upon his head with a crash. Scribner was next, Scribner, who would have given a year of his life to have killed the great buck in advance. But the fates were against him. As he took a forward step, his foot became entangled in a creeping vine, and he measured his length upon the earth. Before he could regain his feet the rout swept by, the deer giving magnificent leaps, the long antlers of the buck towering above the rest, heading for the point of woods in which the student had taken his stand. He was trembling with excitement, but nerved himself by a mighty effort. The deer swerved a little from their course to round the point, and the long deer-gun covered the leader.

"Crack!"

The buck trembled through all his frame, and came down upon his knees, and in that position the student gave him the other barrel, and the monarch of the forest sunk lower still, the blood dripping from his brown side. The student made with the hunter's fire, sprung out knife in hand to administer the coup, forgetting the admonitions he had received from the guide, and knowing but little of the power of the deer when actually brought to bay. At the sight of the hunter the antlered buck sprung to his feet, and rushed at him furiously, his eyes blazing with rage. To turn was death, and to face the mad brute was the only chance, and the young student sprung to one side and made a cut at the neck of his antagonist. The blade alighted upon the bony part just back of the horns and flew out of his hands, and he stood defenseless before the enraged animal.

There was only one way. Springing forward with a shout, he grasped the strong antlers with both hands, and a desperate trial of strength commenced.

The young man knew that his only hope lay in keeping his hold until aid came, and setting his teeth hard, he planted his feet firmly, and endeavored to force the buck backward. The sharp front feet of the animal struck him once or twice, cutting his flesh like a knife, and the snorts of the infuriated beast sounded through the forest. If the man should lose his hold, and go down, there was little hope for him. Once he staggered, and recovered himself by a mighty effort. Should he be able to hold out until the coming of his friends? He heard their shouts and the wild baying of the dog, but he knew that his strength was failing, while that of the deer seemed to increase with each effort.

Bespattered by the blood of the animal, with clothing torn into shreds, his teeth set, and widely dilated eyes, the young man

strove for life. He could hear the patter of the dog's feet, and the deer heard them too, and made a last mighty rush, and the student went down, still clinging to the antlers, and forcing the head of his antagonist so closely to him that he could make no use of the spikes. But those terrible hoofs were busy, and the student was about to give up in despair, when, with a deep-mouthed bay, the dog sprung into view and launched himself at the throat of the buck. The struggling hunter released his hold and fell back, and the buck turned upon his new antagonist. In an instant the dog was flying through the air, hurled to a distance of ten feet by those terrible antlers. He was up again in a moment but moved slowly, evidently in pain, but with the tenacity of his race sprung again at the throat of the buck. It would have fared badly with the gallant hound, but at this moment old Ben arrived upon the scene, gun in hand. Woe to the deer when his unfailing eyes looked through the double sights. The gun cracked, and the buck fell in a quivering heap, upon the spot where he was struck.

Ben, in his rough way, was a doctor for the woods, and he knew the virtues of the various herbs which abound there. The careless hunter was conveyed to an outhouse, and in two or three days was able to take the field again, and do his work nobly to the end of the hunt. But he had learned a lesson, never to face a wounded buck, armed only with a knife.

Three weeks after they left the hunting-grounds and struck out for the clearings, laden with many trophies, and proud of their deeds. And every year when the hunting season comes, they are out in the woods with old Ben at their head.

Celia's Misfortune.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A GREATER contrast can not well be imagined than that which existed between the two women who occupied the shady windows of the Leffington farm-house that hot, breathless June afternoon.

At the window nearest the angle of the large, semi-darkened parlor, Miss Celia Leffington, heiress of the estate, was sitting, vainly trying to coax a No. 10 needle through a fine, thick piece of unshrunk cambric, while the perspiration stood in huge drops across her swarthy forehead and upper lip.

She was not a positively hideous woman, by any means; in fact, at times, and in certain dresses, Celia Leffington looked well, despite her muddy skin and small, diagonally set gray eyes.

But, this afternoon, the heat was bringing out all that was coarse and ugly about her; even her only available dress—the others yet in the ironing basket—conspired against her, in that it was a thick white pique, with bright blue forget-me-nots sprinkled about—a pretty dress, that would have been becoming, even on an August day, to the graceful little fairy at the remaining window. She was a wee, slight little thing, with a mass of loose, short, golden hair; eyes of roguish, mischievous brown, and a complexion that, the more intense the heat, the more perfect grew the rose-pink tinge and camellia-like waxiness.

She wore a white Swiss dress, that was as thin and sheer as material well could be; a light, real lace ruffle around her throat; the sleeves open to the elbow, displaying the short, round arms; the skirt a perfect marvel of ruffles and puffs, and a wide orange satin sash. There she sat, daintily reading the latest "SATURDAY JOURNAL," that had come from town that morning, with not a drop of moisture on her fair face, looking as comfortable as if the thermometer were not 95 in the shade on the north side of the house, and her cousin Celia roasting by degrees.

"I declare, Una, if I can stand this any longer; and you are as cool as a cucumber! I don't see how you can always be so comfortable—and lazy. There's a pile of handkerchiefs that high, waiting to be hemmed!" Una laid down her paper and laughed.

"How do I keep cool? Well, I don't know myself. I like these hot days—the hotter the better, for me. And, if you want to know why I am lazy, and don't hem those handkerchiefs—in plain English, Celia, I don't intend to do a stroke of work, or take a stitch, all this long, glorious summer."

She leaned back against the white-tidied cane rocker, her bright eyes laughing at Celia's indignation.

"And what do you intend to do—if I may ask?"

"Oh, ride, and go boating, and flirt—and get married in a few weeks."

Celia looked up, at her cousin's curious words; and she found the pretty face was grave now, with a faint blush on it.

"What do you mean, Una Howard? Not—not—it's not that rattle-pated young author, that has been at the tavern this month back, fishing and sailing all around?"

"If you mean Mr. Exeter, the author, you are correct."

Una was as "cool as a cucumber" and no mistake; and Celia Leffington felt her heart grow cold as a lump of ice. She had fallen in love herself with this elegant young city fellow, long before she had known that he was near them—she had read those shilling poems and delightful stories of his, until the one romance of her poor, starved life had betrayed itself to her—she found this Rodney Exeter her ideal; she had ensnared, then adored him, all in such a heavenly dreamland that she had come to believe it was all true.

She had never dreamed the "young literary gentleman" Una talked about so much, who was "putting up" at De Grave's tavern, was her "Rodney Exeter"; she never knew it until Una Howard had mentioned his name so nonchalantly, so proudly.

What a blow that was to her! At first, she felt her head whirling in a giddy maze; then she grew faint—then an awful awakening from her long, sweet dreams sent the tears in torrents from her eyes; and, as by intuition, Una saw it all at a glance. It burst upon her with a force that was overpowering; this tall, raw-boned woman in love with her Mr. Exeter!

She laughed aloud at the idea; and Celia, as she walked almost blindly out of the room, heard his musical, mocking melody.

"Oh! how I hate you, Una Howard!"

Then Una took offense, packed her trunks, and went home; and on the fourteenth of July there came a letter merely saying Una had been married from home to Rodney.

"Oh, it's delightful, isn't it? I do so hate the rural beauties of nature, especially

when—when—when there's works of art about."

Celia Leffington had essayed to overpower her landlady by her flowing style of rhapsody, but she "came down like a stick" to her own chagrin.

It was at Newport, where Celia had set her heart on coming for its possible mending after that affair with her "author," a pleasant room near a splendid villa afforded her the opportunity of indulging in her overflowing admiration.

It was an immense building, with bay-windows and balconies, French awnings and cupolas; a vast lawn and gardens surrounded it; the owner was very handsome, the landlady said, of course very wealthy, and—how Celia's heart began its mending process—a "bachelor!"

"He's uncommon fond o' books, I should say, as I see him every afternoon, toward sundown, sitting in that arbor yonder, reading. That's him!"

Celia's enchanted eyes took in the fine figure of this very desirable gentleman. She saw, with rapidly-beating heart that he was as handsome as she pictured her ideal in her vaguest dreams; he was young, too, and looked positively literary as he walked along slowly, as if he enjoyed every step he took.

Oh, if she might but become acquainted with this gentleman, who knew but what he might "take a fancy" to her? wouldn't it be grand, glorious to be the mistress of this palatial mansion? wouldn't she pay Una Howard—Una Exeter, for her arrogant impudence? wouldn't she show Una's husband—to whom, doubtless, Una had told her foolish secret—that there were men who could appreciate her?

And on the wings of this suddenly-created passion, Celia Leffington flew to the very steps of the altar in trailing white tulle and cobweb lace veil, leaning on this strange gentleman's arm.

How she managed, I can not say. Whether the porter's gate was open, and she walked through unmolested, or whether she bribed his wife, or climbed over the low, rustic fence I can not say; I only know she did get in the grounds, and that, too, just in time to run, very innocently and guilelessly, against the gentleman as he turned a curve in the promenade.

He raised his hand courteously, with just a faint show of surprise and displeasure. "I beg your pardon, madam—"

"—oiselle!—I am single," Celia added, with a sweet smile and a simper.

A comical expression lurked in his eyes a second.

"Thanks for the information. This is Miss Leffington."

He paused inquiringly.

"Miss Celia Leffington, and a kindred spirit, I judge from that book."

He didn't quite understand (does the reader?) but bowed.

"I presume you are a stranger at Newport?"

"I am—and I am not. As time is measured, I have only passed a fortnight in this lovely retreat; but, allow me to say, I feel as though I had known you for ages on ages, so often have I watched you from my window, Mr. Exeter."

It was a delicate thrust, and the gentleman smiled outright.

"I thank you, Miss Leffington, although I hope never to become so antiquated as that."

"I understand you, too, indulge in the loneliness of single life, Mr. Exeter? I hear you are a bachelor."

He drew his brows into a curious frown, while his eyes seemed threatening to explode with laughter.

"Miss Leffington, I am a bachelor, and as such will you permit me to extend the hospitality of my mansion to you? Accept my arm."

How her heart was bounding! It was a clear case of love at first sight; then she grew confidential.

"Perhaps you could tell me if you ever knew a man in literary circles by the name of Rodney Exeter? He married a cousin of mine—a childish little thing; he was an old flame of mine, you know—quite desperately smitten, if I may say so. But he was very boyish, but quite talented."

"Y—e—s," answered he, musingly. "I think I remember him. Walk in, Miss Leffington; I will call my—"

Celia knew he was going to say "house-keeper"—and how stylish it would sound from her lips—when a shadow fell across the floor, and before she could look up, a merry-making voice greeted her horrified senses.

"Where on earth did you pick cousin Celia up, Rodney? Why, Celia, how d'ye do?"

It was Una, laughing, sparkling, radiant in her splendid queen's gray silk walking-dress.

Celia looked in frantic amazement.

"Who—what?"

"I am Rodney Bachelor, at your service; and my wife, Mrs. Una Bachelor."

Regardless of appearances, Celia made a bee-line for her boarding-house, her cheeks tingling to think how she must have appeared to him, and after that yarn about his own self too!

A bachelor was he? yes, and with a vengeance!

And Celia Leffington then vowed never again to have to do with these slippery, double-named impositions—authors!

The Black Crescent:
OR,
COALS AND ASHES OF LIFE.
A MASKED MYSTERY OF BALTIMORE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "RALPH HAMON, THE CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEAD BROKE.

WE left two villains *hors-du-combat*.

Gil Bret was trying to recover himself, and he gained his feet with a scramble, a slip and a jump. Had it been daylight, we would have seen, that his face was red, his temple blue and swollen, and his actions those of one who could not fully understand his situation.

In the same moment, he was calm; he comprehended all.

He saw a stiff dimly outlined on the pavement.

Haxon returned to consciousness at that instant; but he rose slowly.

The two were not long in recognizing each other. It is said, you can put two

thieves to robbing a house in the dark, and though neither may be aware of the other's presence, their movements will co-operate to an end of mutual benefit. So, in the dark of the street, they knew one another.

"Well, Haxy," muttered the bruiser, in a slow tone; "you're a fine dose, you are!"

"What's the matter, Bret?"

"Matter!" he repeated, as if he had not heard right. "Matter! do you say? Well—look 'e here—didn't you wax me 'n the ear just now? Say?"

"I struck some one—"

"Yes; an' it was me!" growled Bret.

"I couldn't see who I hit," said Haxon, apologetically, while he rubbed his head with his hand.

The side of his head felt sore.

Christopher Crewly had "hit out" twice—once for a hat demolisher, and again for a knock-down. Both blows were well put.

Bret's head was not altogether sound, either. The punishment he had received at the hands of his friend, had left its mark.

Crewly's shout for the police had been heard, and several parties were already crowding the doorway of the restaurant.

The brilliant light from the interior of the room, was shed full upon Haxon, and, perceiving him, the two or three men started to cross the street.

This movement was observed by Bret, who said, in a hurried whisper:

"Come on, Haxy; they're after us."

"My hat!" said Haxon, inquiringly.

It lay near them, and when the ill-used article was recovered, they started off.

"Who was it shouted for the police?" asked Bret, as they skulked rapidly along, keeping close to the railing.

"I can't say."

When the individuals from the restaurant reached the spot, no one was to be seen.

Haxon and Bret also turned down Pratt street.

Reaching Broadway, they entered a car, and it was the next one to that in which were the lawyer and Wat Blake.

"You say you don't know who yelled for the police?" put Bret, when they were seated.

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Well, that's queer!"

"I saw some one," continued Haxon, "suddenly appear on the scene, and before I could defend myself, something struck me—I think—an umbrella."

"Very queer!" commented Bret. "It's mighty sing'lar 'at such a mess should happen. I'll forgive the lick 'at you give me, 'cause I don't s'pose you could see how 't was."

"What are you thinking about, Bret?"

The bruiser seemed unusually thoughtful; his eyes fixing upon the floor of the car during his speech, and his mind, evidently, not wholly with his words.

He looked up and gazed earnestly into his companion's face.

"Well, I'll tell you, Haxy"—lowering his voice, and glancing suspiciously at a negro who occupied the corner seat opposite them—an' it's this: I know now, 'at you were right about Bertha Blake bein' alive—"

"Of course. You might as well have believed me in the first place."

"Wait. More'n that, her brother's alive, too."

"Ah!"

"You never saw 'im, but you've heard enough from me to know 'at he's an enemy of yours. When I used to tell you about 'im, he was a boy. Now, that 'ere boy's got to be a man. That 'ere man met me, to-night, at the Gates—hold on now, till I've done! He ord'rd me to give up the paper 'at we've got ag'in' Forde. He's mighty worked up 'bout our tryin' to drown his sister, off Locust Point—"

"But the paper?" interrupted Haxon, uneasily.

"That's what we were a-fightin' about!"

"He has not got it?"

"Of course not—"

"Fare, gentlemen." The conductor stood before them.

Gil Bret felt for his pocket-book.

Harold Haxon saw the rough visage of his companion turn pale as death.

"What's the matter, Bret?"

"Nothing—nothing"—feeling in another pocket. But search was useless; he had been robbed.

Fortunately, he had a dollar bill put away loose. This he gave to the conductor, and his hand trembled as he handed it over.

While waiting for his change, Haxon marked an expression truly fearful in his bull-dog countenance.

When the conductor had departed, Bret turned to Haxon and whispered, hoarsely:

"Robbed—by thunder!"

"But the paper is safe?" quickly.

"It was in my pocket-book. They're gone!"

"Ha! Gil Bret—"

"Tain't the worst! All my money's gone too! We're dead broke!"

For one second, Haxon looked at him in dismay. Then a groan fell from his lips.

"Shut up!" hissed the bruiser, grasping his arm. "Don't say any thin' more."

They left the car at Baltimore street bridge.

"Gil Bret," said Haxon, as they stood looking over the rail, down into that historical murk of filth and mud, "do you mean, seriously, that you have lost that valuable paper?"

"Been robbed!" was the brief rejoinder, spoken absently.

Under the circumstances, Hax wondered that his companion could maintain such composure.

"Robbed!" he repeated. "By whom?"

"Didn't I tell you? Wat Blake—course 'im!"

"Then, what are we to do? Why, man, you don't seem to realize our loss."

"Yes I do, too!" declared Bret, in a brief, blunt, snappish tone.

"Then rouse up. Don't stand there dreaming."

"What's the use? We're sunk!"

"Can't we get the paper back?"

"Get—thunder!"

"And no money left, either?"

"An' this 'ere dollar 'at I bu'st on the car—"

An alarm of fire was sounding. Bells tolled in discordant echoes, and here and there a faint cry arose upon the air.

Presently, steamer No. 5 came thundering along—its smoke-stack spitting flame, its driver yelling, and a wake of glowing embers marking its headlong course.

"Hallo! Where's the fire?" shouted Bret, to a fireman, who seemed rather to whizz than run past them.

An answer was growled back, and the words seemed to please Bret.

"See Haxy, it's just round the corner! Come on—let's go!"

The fire was quite near. A bright glare suddenly lit up the heavens, but died out almost in the same moment.

As they turned a corner and joined the crowd that ran, jostled, swore, panted and howled, Haxon felt his arm grasped.

"Hold on," said the bruiser, in a low tone. "Come in here."

In the lapse of a second, they stood in a narrow alley that was dark, silent, grave-like.

"What's up, Bret?"

"You ain't asked me any thin' 'bout that 'ere Burns chap—"

"No! what—"

"He's 'ere."

"Where?"

"Come on, an' I'll show you. Softly, now."

Haxon heard the other moving away, and he followed—groping along the damp brick wall.

They reached a gate. It was unfastened. A few seconds more, and they were at the kitchen window. With a little difficulty, this was forced open, and the interior of the house was gained.

"Sh! Careful, now," admonished Bret, whisperingly. "Burns is in this house. I tracked him after you left me on the bridge. Bertha Blake's here, too; I reckon, an' her brother. We're right in the nest of 'em. Easy—take care—we can't afford to kick up a rumpus yet. I'm after a bag 'at's got five thousand dollars in it!"

And this was why Bret had been so quiet. He was planning to better their situation. His brain had summed up: Wherever the woman in black was, would also, be the bag of money; where she was, would also, be Wat Blake; Blake must have the paper; and these parties must be where he knew Austin Burns to be; for he had no doubt, after what Haxon told him at Wilson's restaurant—having since been convinced of his companion's veracity—that Bertha Blake had the young man in her care.

The hour was growing late. If they had retired, he might make a bold dash, and secure both the money and the paper.

It was worth trial; and Bret was no novice in the art of burglary.

The crowd running to the fire served him. Neither he nor Haxon were observed when they slipped into the alley.

"Are you sure Burns is here?" inquired Haxon, in a guarded voice.

"Yes. But don't you think 'bout 'im till I tell you. Money first."

With the stealth of cats, they made their way to the parlor—paused—listened. Not a sound.

"They're in bed. Got a match?"</

was found imbedded in the mud, on the banks of the river, far below the city. Bessie Raynor knew that skeleton, and then, as she remembered an old-time tale of a *chiton*, she wept. She thought her brother had committed suicide.

Minerva Ames soon disappeared from Lawrence. A year after her disappearance, she was seen by Bessie and Lorin (as we prefer to call him) on their bridal tour, as the principal of a religious seminary, near the Kaatskill.

She recognized them, smiled pleasantly, and then, as a tear fell from her eyes, she hurried away. But, before she went, she had whispered:

"God bless you!"

She was happy; a new life was opened before her, and she was joyous in a hope that reaches beyond the grave.

Our tale is told.

THE END.

The Ocean Girl: OR, THE BOY BUCCANEER.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST,
AUTHOR OF "CRUISEUR CROQUE" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII. DARK CLOUDS.

NEXT day, on the requisition of the British Admiral and Consul, the port, bay and of the Ocean Girl was discovered. Doubtless the audacious pirate had run into some creek, and landed his men, who by means of a small boat had reached Rio Janeiro, and made the atrocious attempt upon Edward.

He, however, was far from believing that Captain Gantling had authorized the attack upon him. There was something in the man's manner toward himself, personally, which forbade this hypothesis from obtaining credit with him, while of the intense personal hatred of Grum he was well aware.

As the storm had blown over during the night, both the Indian and the cruisers were ready, the former to pursue its journey, the latter to search the whole coast.

To remain together was useless. A rendezvous was therefore fixed at the cafe, when all could report progress.

Edward would gladly have volunteered with one of the cruisers, but the wishes of Sir Stephen and Loo prevailed; and he agreed to defer formally entering the service until they had reached their destination.

They parted then, all in high spirits and hopeful of the capture of the pirate which could not be expected to escape their joint activity.

We may here remark that the Indian, though to all appearance a first-class ship, and fitted out as a man-of-war for the occasion, was, what with passengers and soldiers, more like a slave ship than anything else, being laden with all sorts of earthenware, military and other stores, and what is more, crowded with bale goods, and incumbered with merchandise.

A ship of this quality and condition could not be expected to work with that readiness and ease, which were necessary for her security and preservation in those heavy seas which she had to encounter.

After separating from the cruisers, they ran down the coast, until they had nearly gained the southernmost mouth of Straits La Madre, when, by a sudden shifting of the wind to the southward, and the turn of the tide, they were very near being wrecked upon a rock-bound coast, to which they had approached too near.

For a moment all was wild confusion, and then discipline obtained the upper hand and by the exercise of those maneuvers which display human ingenuity and energy in the highest degree, the vessel was hauled off the shore, and was proceeding on its voyage, when, by a great roll of a hollow sea, they carried away their mizenmast, all the chain plates to windward being broken.

This was followed by hard gales at west, coming on with a prodigious swell, which caused a heavy sea to break upon the ship, that stove in the boats, and half filled the ship with water. The carpenter soon supplied the loss of the mizenmast by a lower studding-sail boom, but this expedient, together with the patching up of the rigging, was a poor temporary relief. They were soon obliged to cut away their bow-iron anchor to ease the foremast, the shrouds and chain plates of which were all broken, and the ship in all parts in a most crazy condition.

All began to regard their position as serious. The Admiral most of all, though he said nothing to discourage the brave men about him, or to unnecessarily alarm the women. But when, this shattered and disabled, they had the additional modification of finding themselves on a lee shore, from the weather being unfavorable for observation, he called a council.

There was but one opinion, and that was to sail to the eastward on the track of outward and homeward bound ships, when they might meet with succor or aid; or to enter some port, and rent and lighten the ship. The latter counsel would have prevailed if they had known anything of their whereabouts. They were aware of their proximity to land, from such tokens as weeds and birds; but what land?

An occasional glimpse of what appeared high mountains, however, settled the matter, and showed the nearness of the danger. But it was too late to avoid it, for at the same moment the straps of the fore-gear, breaking the fore-yard came down and the greater part of the men being disabled through fatigue and sickness, it was some time before it was clear to get up again.

But now the land was clearly visible, the ship driving bodily onto it. Every effort was now made to sway the fore-yard up, and set the foresail, which done, they wore the ship with her head to the southward, and endeavored to crowd her off from the land; but the weather, from being very tempestuous before, now blew a perfect hurricane, and right in upon the shore, which appeared to render all their efforts fruitless.

And now the night came on, dreadful beyond all description; and when attempting to throw out their topsails to claw off the shore, they were at once blown from their yards.

All this time everybody remained up and dressed. The Admiral and the officers were busy aiding and advising the men, so that Loo remained wholly in the hands of Edward.

CHAPTER XVIII. A NOVEL EMETIC.

She clung to him with feverish energy, saying nothing, however, but covering under the bulwarks, where he had taken her for shelter. The night was fearfully, horribly dark, and it was almost impossible to discover any thing beyond the ship.

At last, at four in the morning, the ship seemed to strike. Still, though the shock was great, very great indeed—being not unlike the blow of a heavy sea, such as during several preceding days they had often experienced, it was taken for the same; but the whole of the passengers and crew were speedily undeceived by her striking again more violently than before, which laid her on her beam-ends, the sea making a fair breach over her.

It required no warning voice to bring every one upon the quarter-deck, indeed, many appeared, who had not shown their faces upon deck for more than two months; one or two unfortunate, who were ill with scurvy, and could not crawl from their hammocks, were instantly drowned.

Edward clung to a belaying-pin with one hand, while with the other he clutched Loo. He had little hope, for the vessel lay in the same dreadful position for some minutes, all on board believing it to be their last moment; no glimpse of any thing could be caught but of breakers all around. Next minute, however, a mountainous sea hove the vessel off, though she soon struck again and broke her tiller.

This was a disaster apparently so fatal, that many seemed inclined to give up all hope, and at the sight of the foaming breakers around, felt inclined to cast themselves over in utter despair.

The Admiral sternly addressed them, asking them if they had never seen breakers before, nor heard of men escaping from the most fearful dangers. He then ordered them to seize the sheets and braces, and thus command the ship.

As he spoke, the Indian ran in between an opening of the breakers, steering by the sheets and braces, when, by great good fortune, they struck fast between two great rocks; that to windward sheltering them from the violence of the sea to a certain extent.

They immediately cut away the main and fore-masts, but still the ship kept heeling in such a manner that few imagined she could hold together for many minutes.

The day now broke, and the weather, which had been extremely thick, cleared away for a few minutes, and gave them a glimpse of the land. This set everybody thinking of saving their lives. To get out the boats, now that the masts were gone, was a work of some time, which, when accomplished, many were ready to jump into them headlong, without regard to women, children, or sick.

The Admiral, captain, officers, and some of the best of the men, however, armed with cutlasses, interposed, and those whose age entitled them to the preference were first helped in. The men, upon this, grew very riotous, broke open every chest and box that was at hand, stove in the heads of casks of brandy and wine, and got so rapidly intoxicated that several were drowned on board, and lay floating about the decks for days afterward.

Edward stood by Loo until she had been lifted into the boat, when he went down to his chest, which was at the bulkhead of the ward-room, in order to save some little matters, if possible. But while he was there the ship bumped with some violence, and the water came in so fast, that he was again forced to get upon the quarter-deck, without saving a single rag but what was upon his back.

The boatswain and some of the people would not leave the ship as long as any liquor was to be got at; upon seeing which, Sir Stephen and the captain, with the rest of the officers, went ashore, without more ado.

When a shipwreck occurs, the first thing that is thought of is getting to land; it is the natural and highest wish to be attained, but in the present instance the change was very little for the better.

On every side a scene of horror—on one side the wreck on which all they had in the world to support themselves; together with a boisterous sea, presented the most dreary prospect; on the other hand, the land scarcely presented a more favorable appearance. It was desolate and barren, without a sign of culture, so that they could hope to receive little or benefit from it than the preservation it afforded them from the sea.

Of course all who were possessed of manly feeling, confessed it was a great and merciful deliverance from immediate destruction; but there they were, all wet and cold and hungry, the elements to struggle with, and no visible remedy against any of these evils.

Edward, as soon as he saw the head of land, they had chanced on, though faint, benumbed, and almost helpless, exerted himself to find some cover, however, waited, against the extreme inclemency of the weather. He was fortunate enough to find an Indian hut not far from the beach, within a wood, and here all the ladies, without distinction, crouched for that night, which was most tempestuous and rainy.

None of those who were saved from the wreck ever remembered such another night. Even if the weather had not excluded all idea of rest and refreshment, other ideas would have interfered, as they were not without alarm and apprehensions of being attacked by the Indians, for they had made a discovery of lances and arms in another hut.

In this miserable hovel, where he had been admitted that night because of his illness, died a lieutenant; and of those who went for shelter under a great tree, which stood them in very little stead, two more perished by the severity of that cold and rainy night.

In the morning, the calls of hunger, which had been hitherto suppressed by their attention to more immediate dangers and difficulties, became too importunate to be resisted. Most of them had fasted eight-and-forty hours—some more. It was time therefore, to make inquiry as to what sort of sustenance had been brought from the wreck by the providence of some, and what could be procured on the island by the industry of others.

The whole amount of food saved from the ship was three pounds of biscuit dust, reserved in a bag.

Several, however, ventured abroad, the weather being exceedingly bad; but they killed only one sea-gull, and picked some wild celery.

The whole of this was put into a pot with the addition of a large quantity of

water, and made into a kind of soup, which was then divided among them all as far as it would go. But no sooner had they partaken of it, than they were all seized with the most painful sickness, violent retchings, swoonings, and other symptoms of being poisoned.

This misfortune was imputed to various causes, but chiefly to the herbs they had made use of; in the nature and quality of which they fancied themselves mistaken. A little further inquiry, however, made them aware of the real occasion of it.

The biscuit dust was nothing but the sweepings of the bread room; and the bag in which it had been put had been a tobacco bag—the contents of which not having been entirely taken out, what remained got mixed with the biscuit dust, and proved a strong emetic.

CHAPTER XIX. ON SHORE.

The weather abating somewhat, it was ascertained that about one hundred and forty had got ashore. A few, however, still remained on board, giving away to drunkenness, and pillaging the wreck. The leader of these was the boatswain.

The Admiral sent out officers in the yawl, with orders to endeavor to prevail upon them to join the rest, but they proved to be in the greatest disorder, and disposed to mutiny, so that the officers were obliged to desert from their purpose, and come away without them.

Everybody was very desirous to take some survey of the land they were upon; but the general opinion being, that the savages had merely retired to a small distance from them, and only waited to see them divided, no excursions were made from the hut. All the land seen, however, was morose and unpromising.

They were in a little bay, formed by promontories, some so steep as to be inaccessible.

Nothing was obtained that day but shell-fish and wild celery, and that in very insufficient quantities.

The night was exceedingly tempestuous, and the sea, running extremely high, threatened those on board with immediate destruction by the parting of the wreck. They were therefore, now as solicitors to come ashore, as they had before been obstinate in refusing assistance.

But the captain could not acquiesce in their wishes, it being impossible to send off the boat in such a sea. The drunken and silly folk then fired one of the quarter guns at the hut, the ball of which passed just over the covering of it.

Another attempt was made to bring the madmen to land, which, however, from the violence of the sea, and other impediments occasioned by the mast that lay alongside, proved ineffectual.

Upon this delay occurring, the people on board became outrageous, and began to beat every thing to pieces that fell in their way. At last, so great was their intemperance, that they broke open chests and cabinets for plunder that could be of no use to them. So far in earnest were they in this mere wantonness of theft, that when they were brought off, it was found that one man had evidently been murdered on account of some quarrel over the division of the spoil.

But the chief object of the mutineers was to provide themselves with arms and ammunition, so that they might be able to carry out their malicious designs. They asserted that the authority of the officers ceased with the loss of the ship.

They soon afterward came ashore in one boat, all crowded together.

The sea still ran very high. The Admiral and officers held a consultation, and as the mutineers approached the shore, all the good and the tried men of the shore party ran into the water, as if to help them, but in reality to rush upon them and disarm them, which in their mad condition was done without difficulty.

The men were half sobered, and though still insolent, they all appeared inclined to acquiesce in their defeat, except for the boatswain.

It was ludicrous to see them, with the officers' best suits, which they had rifled from chests and cabinets, put over their greasy trowsers and dirty checked shirts.

The boatswain was the most marked, being all in laced clothes, and also most insolent; but the captain knocked him down with his cane, and ordered both him and his companions to be stripped of their finery.

As it appeared quite clear that some time must elapse ere any thing could be done toward leaving this desolate region; and, taking into consideration the incessant rains, and the exceedingly cold weather, everybody felt it impossible to subsist without shelter.

The hut was scarcely enough for the women, so the gunner, the carpenter, and some more, turned the keel of the boat upward, and thus made a tolerable habitation.

This kind of settlement having been made, with the addition of rude stone walls all around, they made their residences with greater accuracy than before.

They were well aware that even the most desolate shores are seldom unfurnished with supplies of some kind.

They therefore soon found some sea fowl, limpets, mussels, and shell-fish, in tolerable abundance.

Still no provision proportionate to the number of mouths to be fed, could, by their utmost industry, be acquired from the part of the island they had yet seen.

Therefore it soon became necessary to visit the wreck, and from that to take such supplies as could be got out of her.

This, however, was a very precarious fund and could not last long; and as no man could rightly say how long they might be detained on the island, the stores and provisions they were so fortunate as to release, were not only to be dealt out with the most frugal economy, but a sufficient quantity laid by, to last them out as soon as they agreed on any mode of transporting themselves from that dismal spot.

This led to an examination of the boats, which were more or less injured, so that they would carry scarcely half the number. It became necessary at once, therefore, to resolve on a raft, which might be towed by the boats, and by their means either to reach a more hospitable clime, or to cross the track of other vessels, which might thus save them.

All this time no signs of the Indians were seen, and Edward, who was of no use in any other way, strolled about with a gun, making Loo his companion.

From the stores of the ship she had been rigged as a boy, as being more convenient; and it was her delight to follow her favorite and friend.

The long boat was still on board the wreck; and as soon as the weather abated, a large number of hands were sent to cut the gunwale of the ship, in order to get her out, all planks and beams being saved for the raft.

While the men were engaged on this business, there appeared three canoes of Indians paddling toward them. All motions were made, and after some time they approached, and proved to be people of small stature, very swarthy, with long, black, coarse hair hanging over their faces. Despite the cold, they had no clothing but a bit of beast's skin about their waists.

They could not make themselves understood, but in return for a looking-glass and some other trifles, they brought in three sheep, which made the people fancy their troubles were nearly at an end, and that food would be plentiful.

Many wanted to make a feast accordingly, out of what had been taken from the ship. But the officers were obstinate. They had erected a storehouse near their own huts, from which nothing was to be dealt out but in measure and proportion as agreed on by the superiors.

The men seeing this, and finding that the Indians did not return, set to work with a will, remodeling the long-boat, to make it carry as many as possible, and tow the raft also.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 79.)

Beat Time's Notes.

THE NEW FIRST READER.

A stands for any thing.
B stands for Bee.
S stands for something.
N stands for nothing.

You must do as you are bid. But the cook must do as she is Biddy.

We should all get up early and see the sun rise whether we go back to bed again or not.
It is healthy for little children to play, therefore they should play all the time.

When you go to bed you should think upon the good you have done during the day; if you haven't done any good don't think about it; perhaps you did enough the day before to do two days.

Tray is a bully bull-dog. He is every inch a dog and more too. If he would bite me I would bite him, you bet!

He will run at a fox or a cow.
He will run at a hen or a hat—I mean a hen or a rat.
He will run at a piece of meat.
The pigs chase him all the time. The pigs are mean, ain't they?

Ned's kite would not fly, there was no wind, so he put some powder under it and blew it up—wasn't he smart? Yes, he was, old hoss.

My little puss will purr.
She does it on purr-puss.

I saw a butterfly to-day; it was in our butter. We had coffee flies too for dinner.

The bee is up to meet the sun.
The load is on the wing.
The lark his labors has begun.
The woods with music ring.
Shall birds and bees and toads be wise
While I my moments waste?
Oh, let me at eleven rise
And to my duty haste!

SOME words are hard in this book, but we must learn them so we may use hard words when we get bigger.

A little boy went to gap in church the other day and he swallowed himself. You should never gap in a church.

They say that little babies have to wear false teeth and wigs before they get real hair and teeth. This is a whopper.

LEAD pen-cils grow on cedar trees. This is another.

"Little grains of water,
Little drops of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beautiful land."

When little children get sick they have to take medicine. It's bad to take. We'd rather take apple dumplings.

If anybody is in trouble we should help him out. A little three-foot old boy saw a poor man looking through the bars of a jail, so he went and got him a file, and the man filed out. Remember this.

LITTLE boys should never be idle. If they haven't any thing to do they should do something rather than be idle.

HAVE a place for every thing, and keep every thing in some other place, and you will be sure to get them when you find them.

Did you ever see a beaver? If you didn't, you should ought to. They cut down trees with little hatchets, and build houses, and they make fine hats. I never saw them making any. They cut beavers in two and sew rims on them. Each beaver makes two hats. You should all try to be beavers.

A LITTLE boy went near the river, and he fell in and was drowned. You must not go near the river. A little boy fell out of the school-house window and broke his neck, and otherwise crippled himself up for life. Therefore you should never go to school.

PARENTS, obey your children.

I AM occasionally absent-minded. The other day I went into a millinery store and told them I wanted to get measured for a bonnet. As I left, there was a broom-stick subsequent to me.

One day I put on my spec's, and then hunted for those same spectacles all over the house, took them off and wiped the glasses, and then, putting them on again, renewed the search, but without success. I once put on my right boot, and, taking the left in my hand, I went through the hotel threatening to brain the fellow who wouldn't tell me where they were.

I was so absent-minded once that I didn't tell a lie for a whole day. I don't often take such spells.

I KNOW a certain town where the inhabitants never take the precaution of putting

locks and bars on their doors. They are perfectly contented without them; they know that if their neighbors steal anything from them, they will steal it back again.

I HAVE been under an avalanche of grief, but was dug out; was placed on the pinnacle of fame, but managed to climb down; have been tired to death, but was resurrected; lost my reputation once, but it was found and returned; received torrents of abuse, but changed my clothes, have been in storms of passion, but was not blown away; fell into a sea of trouble, but wasn't drowned much.

This time his name is Jones. He very wisely blew into the muzzle of his gun, to see if it was loaded, and was convinced that it was. It out-blown him. When his head came down, his friends buried as much of him as they could pick up.

BRIDGET MALONEY accomplished it at last, and it was a success. She demonstrated the fact that a fire could be made with coal oil the easiest way in the world, "whether you're keeful or not." Her clothes can be made over for the children.

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A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

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THE HIDDEN SORROW.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

Maiden, I heard thee breathing a sigh:
What sudden heartache and lone thine eye?
Lo, the dancers go in a merry round
And music and laughter and mirth abound,
And yet your eye does not follow the waltz.
Oh, tell me, has some one proven false?
Not that, not that, my friend.

The time is hardly an hour away
When I marked thee merry among the gay,
Thy spirit seemed on wings to rise,
Thy dashed from thy lips, and light from thine
eyes:
Oh, say, has your happy heart been stirred
By an unkind look or a cruel word?
Not that, not that, my friend.

Has your mind forsaken this festive time,
And backward down to thy childhood's clime?
And there amid those sacred bowers
Dost thou see some friend of earlier hours,
While memories come of the old delight—
Is it this that makes thee weary to-night?
Not that, not that, my friend.

Does thy heart recall a face laid low
Under the sod where daisies blow,
Or a cold, cold hand that was once thy own,
And warmed in friendship for thee alone,
And here while this mirth those memories
wrong,
Is it for this you turn from the throngs?
Not that, not that, my friend.

Dost thou sigh because the present flies?
Do thy dates grow ripe under sunny skies?
If some one's hand against thee, I'll kick him,
If some one has trod on thy foot, I'll kick him:
The cause of thy weeping let thy lips express,
And my strong right arm shall thy wrong redress,
And she turned a look on me full of ease,
And sadly answered, "These pesky fens!"

Alaska, the Cheyenne.

A STORY OF COLORADO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"In the White Bird of the pale-faces will become the wife of Alaska, he will take her to his lodge, and she shall become the queen of the mighty Cheyenne nation. Alaska has long smiled upon the white man's flower. He once saved it from death."

"Yes, Alaska, the bravest representative of the Cheyenne tribe, saved my life—he wrestled me from the icy stream; but, what he asks can not be."

The Indian—a perfect red Apollo—rose to his feet, and looked down upon the beautiful girl in silence.

"I will ever remember you with gratitude and kindness," she continued, gazing into his face, as calm as a summer morn. "I owe you a life—yes a life, Alaska; but, long ere you tore me from the whirlpool, I had promised my hand to another."

"A pale-face?"

"Yes."

"Then may the White Bird be happy with her pale mate," said the Cheyenne, and, turning meditatively on his heel, he strode from the arbor.

He had spoken falsely regarding his feelings. He hated, with all the bitterness of an Indian's hate, the lovely creature who had refused to alienate herself from kindred and a luxurious home, and betake herself to the wilderness as his slave.

He had been a privileged visitor at Judge Gathright's house since he rescued Florence from a watery grave; and, but few of Denver's citizens suspected that he, the red nomad of the woods, was bold enough to claim Florence's hand, as a reward for his praiseworthy action.

For several weeks after the Indian's avowal of love, he was a stranger to Denver. The Gathrights thought that he had forsaken civilization, and returned to the wild life his people love so well.

But one evening he suddenly made his appearance on the streets of Denver City.

He sauntered around with idle air, managing to direct his peregrinations toward Florence Gathright's home.

A strange fire danced in his black eyes, and proclaimed his errand freighted with mischief.

As he neared the house he beheld Florence conversing with Victor Galbraith, her accepted lover, at the gate. He at once quickened his steps, and suddenly paused before the pair.

"Alaska!" cried Florence. "Why, boy, we thought that you had ceased to visit us."

"Alaska is as restless as the hyena," was the reply. "He came to tell the White Bird that if she still refuses to become his wife, by the Great Spirit of my people! she shall never—"

The thundering sentence was broken by Victor Galbraith's clenched hand, and the Indian went to the ground like a stricken bullock.

"I will teach you how to threaten a woman," cried the young man, dashing a look of scorn at the fallen chief. "Now get up, and give me an opportunity to repeat the operation just performed."

The red-skin scrambled to his feet, and Victor sprung forward to deal a second blow.

"Don't, Victor, don't!" cried Florence, clutching his arm. "He does not mean what he says; and, besides, you owe him a great deal, for he saved my life."

The lover could not resist the look that accompanied Florence's entreaty, and reluctantly lowered his arm.

The savage did not evince any gratitude for the young girl's protection; but moved away in a sullen mood, muttering something to himself.

And those murmurs were freighted with revengeful thoughts.

"The white man will never strike Alaska again. That blow will rankle in the Cheyenne's heart until he has had revenge. Alaska will rob him little by little, and at last force him to look upon the White Bird as Alaska's slave. Then the red chief will give him up to the torture."

As the days waned, the Cheyenne was a frequent visitor to the Western city. He mingled freely with the miners, and more than once sauntered into Victor Galbraith's law office, and conversed with the young man for hours. His manner completely deceived the disciple of Blackstone. He thought that Alaska had buried the hatchet, and forgotten the chastisement he had received at his hands.

But not so.

While the Indian smoked Victor's choice brands, he was planning the revenge he afterward attempted to carry out.

The lawyer was the possessor of the finest span of horses in the city. They were more importations, fiery, and as black as the raven wings of midnight.

Frequently he drove them through the city with Florence Gathright at his side, and many a person envied him their ownership.

He loved his noble beasts, and through

the dumb brutes his bitter enemy resolved to strike him.

One gloomy night the form of an Indian glided down a Stygian valley, and paused before the stable wherein Victor Galbraith's horses stood.

A bright blade of steel flashed in the light of the few stars that appeared beyond rifts among the clouds and something very like a lantern dangled at his side.

Once within the structure he lit the tallow dip in the lantern, and the light revealed the features of Alaska, the Cheyenne. A flush of anticipated triumph illumined them, and with stealthy tread he moved toward the beasts.

"This is the beginning of Alaska's revenge," he muttered. "Before the hated pale-face recovers from the loss of his horses Alaska will steal the White Bird from his side, and make her the Cheyenne's squaw and slave."

He paused before one of the steeds, and raised the keen-edged scalping-knife.

The poor animal stood motionless at the manger, unsuspecting of its coming doom.

Slowly the knife was elevated, and suddenly and swiftly it descended into the steed's throat. Alaska crouched beneath the manger to avoid the falling brute, whose life-blood gushed from severed jugular.

"One dies!" he cried, springing to his feet. "Now for the other. When the white man comes forth in the morning, what sorrow will tear his heart-strings!"

The red-handed chief, aflame with the terrible passion of revenge, now glided to the second horse, which, roused by the smell of blood, pawed furiously in his stall.

The Indian gently stroked him to curb his anger, and felt the edge of his knife ere he raised it aloft.

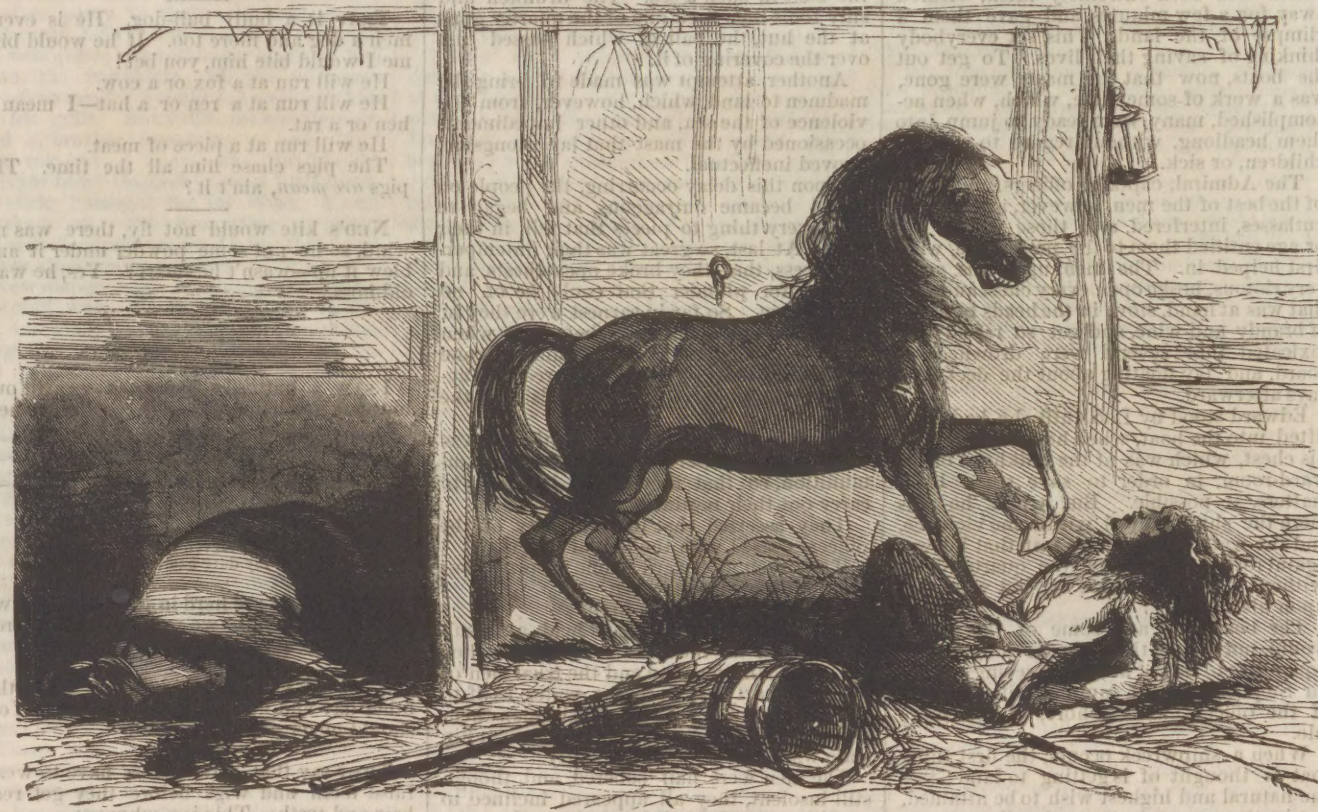
"Thus perishes the pale-face's pride!" he hissed, as the weapon paused above his head.

But at that moment the black steed espied him. Quick as lightning the halter strap was snapped in twain, and the beast turned upon his would-be destroyer.

He reared aloft with a loud whinny, and his iron-shod hoofs dashed Alaska to the floor. The Indian tried to rise; but his efforts proved vain, for the maddened horse continually beat him down.

He shrieked; but not an ear heard his cries, for the storm that now raged without effectually drowned them.

And when Victor Galbraith entered the stable on the following morning, he found



ALASKA, THE CHEYENNE.

Alaska, the Cheyenne, a senseless mass of mangled humanity.

On the threshold of revenge the villain had met his doom, and Florence Gathright escaped the fate he had purposed for her.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

How a Rat Saved Old Rube.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"COME, come, Rube!" cried a voice in the crowd that surrounded the old trapper, "that won't go down!"

"Then let it choke yer," growled Rube.

"What ar' it?" asked another, who had just come up.

"Why, Rube, hyar, says that his life war onc't saved by a ole gray rat. Ther idee uv a rat savin' a man's life!"

"Well, ther ar' a leetle stiff, an'—"

"Waugh! Shet up yer durned meat-traps, an' I'll tell yer how a ole gray No-way rat saved Rube's life; an' I reckon when he done that, he saved a man's life. Ef enny uv yer don't think so, try me."

"Yer've all heard 'bout ther time the greasers nabbed me down Taos, an' wur agoin' to slit my weezin fer killin' one uv ther durned countrymen at Albuquerque?"

"Oh, yes. We all heard uv that."

"Yer did, eh? Well, keep them yer long ears open, an' you'll hear how it sended."

"Fust, they laid fer me, an' ketchked me out by myself one night, an' a duzzen er more uv ther cowardly imps tackled on at onc't, an' hed me roped good an' tight afore yer could wink yer blind eye. It wur a dark, rainy night—couldn't see yer hand afore yer face a inch off—an' es they hedn't give me no chance to yelp, I knowed in a minit ther when they onc't got me caked, the other fellers wouldn't hev no chance in ther world uv ever findin' me out. I knowed I war in a tight place, an' hed kin purty nigh guessin' who it wur as hed me, fer, yer see, I heard one uv ther durned skunks say 'brother' two or three times, an' I reckon'd he war alludin' to the chap as I hed rubbed out. My head war all wrapped up in a serape—ther durned thing smotherin' me a'most—so I hedn't see, no even guess which part uv ther town ther greasers war carryin' me to."

"It wur a good ways, though, an' by-em, bye, I heard the swash, swash uv water, an' then I knowed I warn't fur from the banks uv ther creek—river they calls it ther."

I

heard a gate open, an' then a door, an' then another 'un—an' arter ther we went along a place what hed a stone floor. Then a door opened ag'in, an' I wur shoved in, ther door slapped to, an' all war silent.

"Well, now, ther war rough. My hands war tied behind so tight ther ther raw hide war fairly cuttin' into ther hide; 'sides which ther cussed blanket—all over greasy, an' full uv creepin' creeturs—war a'most smotherin' the life outen me. Howsum-dover, by turnin' sum summer-setts, bumpin' myself ag'in ther wall, an' standin' onto my head, I managed ter git rid uv it, an' then I felt like goin' ter work an' gittin' c'lar uv ther place, wherever it wur."

"But, work es I would—an' I tell you I didn't lay back an' rest much—them dorr-rotted rawhide strings wouldn't give no-hov. Leave a Mexican greaser alone fer tyin' a knot so's to stay."

"Ther work kep me bizzzy till mornin' an' then a yaller-belly kem in wi' a lot uv tortillas an' a gourd uv water, an' sot 'em down, makin' a motion es how I wur to help myself. I wanted to know how I war agoin' to do ther, wi' my hands roped ashind me; but ther imp on'y grinned an' hunched up his durned shoulders, an' started fur to leave."

"Heold on, ole boss, sez I, scrapin' up all ther lingo I knowed. 'Kin yer tell a feller human what these hyar chaps ar agoin' ter do wi' him?"

"Ther greasy cuss grinned wuss'n ever, an' all he sed war to draw his finger 'cross his throat, an' croak like a big bull-frog."

"He axed me ef I understood that an' I tole him I jess did, on'y too durned c'lar-ly."

"He larfed ag'in, an' went out, slappin' ther door behind him, an' lockin' it on the outside."

"I war hungry, monstrous hungry, boyces, an' that war plenty uv grub afore my eyes, but how the devil war I to eat it?"

"The greaser hed laid it onto the floor, an' while I war lookin' at it, I suddenly see a ole gray-nosed rat peek outen his hole, an' by-em-by, kem creepin' across to whar the cakes lay."

"Ther old feller looked so hungry, an' his eyes war a-beggin' so hard, ther I swar I hedn't make up my mind to skeer him away; so I took and kicked one uv ther cakes over to whar he war squatin', an' then lay down on my belly an' eat ther balance hog-fashion."

"The ole rat eat all his shar', and went off; but when ther greaser fetched in my

cheat me outen my last night's sleep, no-hov."

"I reckon I must 'a' drapped off right away, but hedn't 'a' slep' long when some-thing cold rubbin' ag'in my hands woked me up."

"I war about to jerk 'em away, when I felt somethin' h'ry bresh ag'in 'em, an' then ther cold feelin' ag'in wi' a kind uv pullin' at ther raw hide."

"It must 'a' been a inspeeration, es they calls it, but I knowed in a seckind what it wur."

"Ther ole gray rat war behind ther, an' he wur gnawin' ther ropes."

"Lordy! how my heart did thump ag'in my ribs es I lay stiller'n a beaver on watch, an' give the ole feller a good chance."

"I heard his sharp teeth cuttin' an' crackin' 'mong ther tough hide, an' by-em-by it quit an' all war quiet."

"I waited a good bit, feared to move my hands, but, arter a while, I guv a leetle pull, an' burn me wi' pine knots, ef they warn't free."

"Bully! Hooray! Three cheers fur ole gray-nose!" shouted the boys, and forthwith three rousing yells were given."

"Yes, siree! ther durned things war cut clean es a whistle, an' ole gray gone off to his hole to go ter slep arter his night's work."

"Well, boyces, I waited awhile until my arms got over bein' numb, an' then gettin' close longside uv ther door, I sot up ther awfulest groanin' an' hollerin' fur help, an' sw'arin' I war dyin' an' ther like, ther ever yer heard."

"Jess es I expected, hyar kem ther greaser, all uv a skurry ter see whar war up."

"He onlocked ther door, an' stepped inside, an' war jess beginnin' ter ax whar ther matter when I pinned him by ther weezin'."

"Chokin' him down, I ketchked ther door to w' my foot, an' then gettin' hold uv his knife, I hit it close afore his eyes an' tole him whar ther matter ef he dar'd to breath louder'n a groun' mole."

"He wur a terrible coward, they all be, an' he begged fur his life, I tell yer."

"In less'n no time I hed him stripped, tied up wi' them same ropes, an' arter makin' him tell me ther way outen ther ranch, an' back to town, I muzzled his head up wi' ther ole blanket, an' got red dy ter leave."

"His greasy close fit me fust rate, an' then gettin' ther different keys all red dy, I

tole ole gray-nose good-by, and stepped out, pulled to ther door, an' locked it fast."

"In five minits I war outen ther cussed place, an' may I never chaw bufler ag'in, ef I war more'n a quarter uv a mile outen ther town."

"Yer see, ther imps hed trotted me aroun' an' aroun', so's to make b'leve it war a good ways."

"Well, it warn't long afore I found ther boyces, an' afore daybreak I war back at ther ole ranch ag'in."

"What the deuce wur y'ur back ther fur, Rube?" asked some one, in astonishment."

"Fur ter see my ole friend, ther rat, an' while huntin' fur him we wur bound ter rub out a half a duzzin two-legged creeturs theret would keep gettin' in ther way."

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